

£1,000, £100, AND £25 IN GREAT CRICKET COMPETITION.

SMOKE
THE CELEBRATED
"PIONEER"
SWEETENED TOBACCO,
KNOWN ALL OVER THE
WORLD.
MANUFACTURED BY THE
RICHMOND
CAVENDISH CO., LTD.,
AT THEIR
BONDED WORKS,
LIVERPOOL,
AND
Solely by all first-class
Tobacconists at Home and
Abroad.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY.

SMOKE
THE CELEBRATED
"PIONEER"
SWEETENED TOBACCO,
KNOWN ALL OVER THE
WORLD.
MANUFACTURED BY THE
RICHMOND
CAVENDISH CO., LTD.,
AT THEIR
BONDED WORKS,
LIVERPOOL,
AND
Solely by all first-class
Tobacconists at Home and
Abroad.

No. 1087

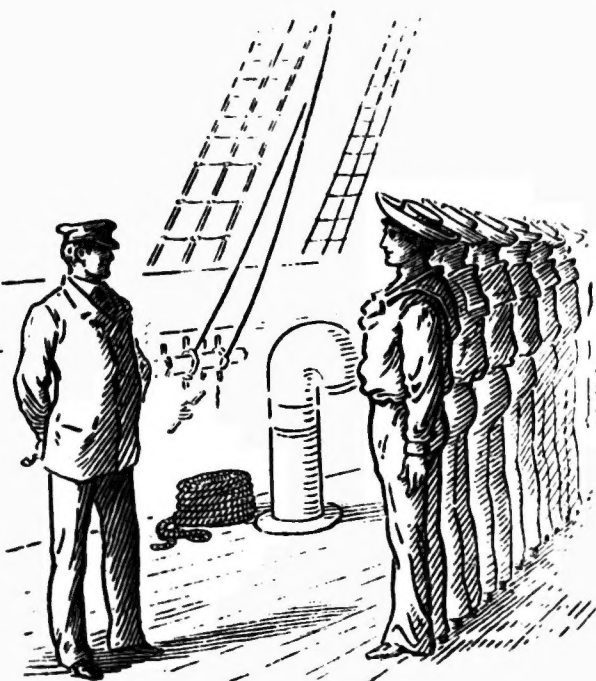
TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING MAY 11, 1898.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

*Who says
there is Insubordination
in
the Navy?*



"ATTENTION!"



"STAND AT EASE!!"

PLAYER'S "NAVY CUT"

Is the ORIGINAL and the BEST.

It is sold only in 1-oz. Packets and in 2-oz., 4-oz., 8-oz. and 1-lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in fine smoking condition. Smokers are cautioned against imitations. Always ask for "PLAYER'S."

'SMOKE!!!'



**PLAYER'S NAVY-CUT
TOBACCO**

M&C.

All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

YOU CANNOT BE SURE THAT IT IS GALLAHER'S "TWO FLAKES" TOBACCO.

YOU ARE BUYING UNLESS YOU INSIST ON GETTING IT
IN THEIR 1, 2, OR 4 OZ. DECORATED TINS,
SECURED BY PATENT BAND.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR CAT

ALOCUE OF CHEAP CROCKERY? If not, please get a post-card, and send it to THE

PEARSON POTTERY COMPANY, HANLEY

and you will get it by return, together with particulars of the most wonderful package of crockery
world has ever seen.

100 PIECES
FOR £1 1s.

A Dinner Service of 50 pieces
is included, which is guaran-
teed to be worth the guinea
alone, and a China Tea Service
of 28 pieces finished in gold,
together with a lot of useful
kitchen crockery.



This is the pat-
tern of the
DINNER SERV-
.....
THOUSANDS
SOLD ALL OVER
THE WORLD

Post-cards and Letters to be addressed to the

PEARSON POTTERY COMPANY, HANLEY, STAFFS

Why not have Value for Money?

MITCHELL'S

GOLD MEDAL

"PRIZE CROP

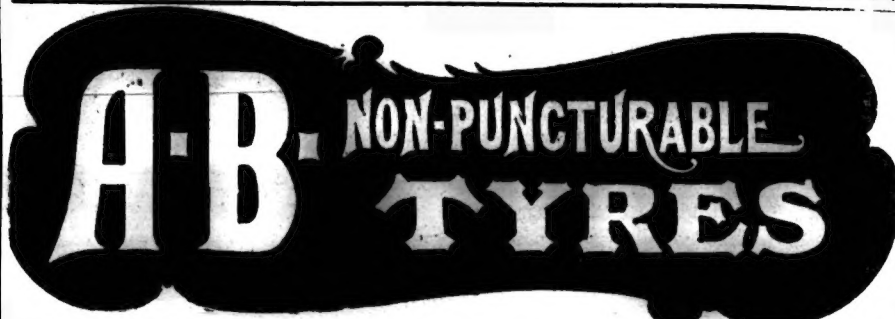
Choice Virginia

CIGARETTES,

WEIGHT
FOR
MONEY.

PER 8^d. OZ.

VALUE
IN
WEIGHT.



"Are as great an Improvement on any other Tyre as the modern Safety is on the
shaker. In it we have found the perfect Tyre."—Wheelwoman.

THE WONDER OF THE CYCLE WORLD.

RACING, LIGHT ROADSTER, & FULL ROADSTER

Tyres that absolutely defy puncture and beat the Records.

TEST THEM for Yourself at any Cycle Agents'. . . . To Know Them is to HAVE THEM

Catalogue and all Information Free on Request.

THE AMALGAMATED TYRE COMPANY Ltd.,

140 CLERKENWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

MACONOCHIE'S DAINTY FOODS

SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD

THE CARE BESTOWED UPON THE PREPARATION OF
**MACONOCHIE'S
"SUFFOLK" BRAND
PICKLES**

Ensures the Utmost Satisfaction
to Purchasers.

The Vegetables are most
Rigorously Selected,
and the FLAVOUR is
adjusted to give just
that PIQUANCY
required for Cold
Meats, &c.

MACONOCHIE'S CAMP PIES

Make most Dainty Sandwiches.

AN IDEAL LUNCH!
MACONOCHIE'S CYCLISTS' PÂTE.
Easily Carried. Easily Opened. Delicately Flavoured.

MACONOCHIE BROS., 131, Leadenhall Street,
LONDON, E.C.
139 Gold Medals and Highest Awards.

MONA CYCLE Co., COVENTRY,
are Makers of the
high-grade
**"MONA"
CYCLES.**
Send for Catalogue
and Prices.

SPECIAL TERMS TO THE PUBLIC.

"ROYAL AJAX" CYCLES.
1934 Price Lists Free—
Wonderful bargains.
All prices. Carriage
Paid. Easy terms.
from 15/- monthly. Old
Cycles exchanged.
1 year's guarantee.
All accessories in-
cluded free. THE
SILVER QUEEN CYCLE
CO. LTD., 221 Totten-
ham Court Road, LONDON, N.E.—Open till 9 p.m.

**"EVERY-DAY"
WATCH, 15/-**

SILVER CASES.
Stamped, 6 Jewels,
strong, well-timed,
and warranted. Best
Watch of the day.
Gent's or lady's.
15/- post free. The
KNOCKABOUT
WATCH, 7/-.
Very good. Black
Steel. Keyless
Watches, 9/- and
10/- A Month's
Trial with Watches.
WE ARE NOT
SHOPKEEPERS.
Send to our Whole-
sale Warehouse for Catalogue, free, 2,000
Engravings of Reliable Watches,
Gold and Silver Jewellery, and
everything sold at a Store.
Money returned if not approved.
G. LANGDON DAVIES & CO.,
125, BRISTOL ST., BIRMINGHAM.
Best Terms to Watch Club Agents.

Sold only in 2lb. sealed packets.
Every packet bears Quaker name and Quaker figure.
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

THE SWEETS PAR EXCELLENCE.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, And
164, 166 & 170, Regent
Street, London, W.

IRISH DAMASK
(SAMPLES AND PRICE LISTS POST FREE.)
Surplice Linen, 7d. per yard. Linen
Dusters, 3/3. Glass Cloths, 4/6 per
dozen. Filled Linen Pillow Cases
from 1/4 each. Fine Linens and
Linen Diaper, 8/6 per yard. Strong
Huckaback Towels, 5/6 per dozen.

**TABLE AND
HOUSE LINEN.**
Special Appointments to the Queen and Empress Frederick of Germany.
N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be Sent Direct to Belfast

TO SMOKERS!
Make your own Cigarette, Sir:
it is twice as good.

Cigarette
Paper

AG

Best
Purest

LARGEST SALE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

This charming Sweet made from Fresh Clotted Cream.
CHOCOLATE DEVONA.—This is Chocolate in its most delicious form as a Sweet.
Sold Everywhere, in 1d. and 3d. packets.

POST'S "C.B.Q." The most effective CURE for
Sciatica, Neuralgia,
GOUT & RHEUMATISM,
YET DISCOVERED.

77, EARL'S COURT RD., SOUTH KENSINGTON, S.W., Feb. 7th, 1896.
DEAR MR. POST.—I have suffered from acute rheumatism for many years—quite ten years.
Have had the best medical advice; have taken the baths at Aix les Bains, Weisbaden and others,
and found no relief, so I am only too pleased to say that your marvellous medicine has entirely
cured me, and I have only taken five bottles. I find that, apart from its curative qualities for
rheumatism, it is an excellent tonic.

I remain, yours very truly, (Mrs.) ANNA ARGLES.
Particulars and Testimonials free on application.

In Tasteless Tablets, 2/9 and 4/6. Of Chemists, or Carriage paid in United Kingdom from
A. M. POST (Limited) 66, & 98, Leadenhall St., E.C.

All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

IF YOU HAVE NOT YET STARTED THE GREAT NEW WAR SERIAL, TURN AT ONCE TO PAGE 713, AND BEGIN NOW. THE SUMMARY WILL GIVE YOU AN OUTLINE OF WHAT APPEARED LAST WEEK.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

No. 408.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATE.

WEEK ENDING MAY 14, 1898.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[ONE PENNY.]

Don't Worry, Dear.

Don't worry, dear; the bleakest years
That clog the forward view
Each thing to nothing when it nears,
And we may saunter through.
The darkest moment never comes,
It only looms before;
The loss of hope is what benumbs,
Not trouble at the door.

Don't worry, dear; the clouds are black,
But with them comes the rain,
And stifed souls that parch and crack
May thrill with sap again.
The burden bear as best we can,
And there'll be none to bear
Hard work has never killed a man,
But worry did its share.

Don't worry, dear; don't blanch, don't yield,
But dare the years to come;
Nor give the enemy the field
Because he beats his drum.
These little woes that hover near
Are nothing, though they gail;
We know that life is love, my dear,
And life and love are all.

Realism as She is Realised.

(WITH FULL ORCHESTRAL ACCOMPANIMENT.)

"VILLAIN, at last we meet—face to face!"
"Tweedle, deedle, dee! Ta, ra, ta, ra!"
"Scoundrel, draw your sword! Stand forth, rascal!"
"Ha! ha! *coff!*"
"I will murder you as I would a rat, traitor!"
"By me halidome, but tell me, sir, why do you treat me thus?"
"Listen. It is a long story."
(Andante, tremolo. Slow tweedle ad infinitum, with a tarara on every fourth tweedle.)
"Twenty-four hours ago I was a happy father—in Brixton. My home was a model of peace, domesticity, and contentment. My children ran to meet me with gladome salutations when I came from my work. My wife bade me a cheery welcome. But now—"
(Allegro, tremolo. Quicker tweedle and double tarara. Occasional minor pi-pips and a few zums!)
"Our home is blackened with the dire misery of unutterable despair. My wife murmurs incoherently in delirium. My children wail and moan and cry for food. 'Twas you, serpent, that crawled into the happiness of my homestead. 'Twas you—"
(Double forte. Ta-ra!)
"Twas you, viper, that entered my home on washing day and married the cook!"
Gurgle, gurgle!
Bang!

(Curtain.)

Where Women are Never Hanged.

In Austria, even for murder, a woman is never put into an ordinary prison, much less brought to the gallows. Whatever the crimes of which they are convicted, women are sent to the convents set apart for this purpose, and are kept there as long as the judge determines.

The Ladies Superior have practically a free hand over their charges, and receive from the Government sevenpence a day for each criminal under their care. At Neudorf Convent, which receives all the female offenders from Vienna, there is nothing in the appearance of the place to suggest a prison.

The courtyard stands open all day long, with only a nun as a doorkeeper. Once inside, all the convicts are on the same footing. They are employed in the domestic work of the convent, and in making matches, buttons, needlework, embroidery, lace, woodwork, etc., superintended only by the sisters.

For work beyond their allotted task they are paid by scale—half the money being given them at the end of the week, and half being placed to their credit until their term expires, when it is paid to them on leaving.

All rights reserved.]

DONALD: "Have yer got a loight?"
Tonalid: "Yes, but it's oot."

"You have looked on my face for the last time," he resolutely declared, as he put on his hat.
"What are you going to do?" she cried; "grow a beard?"

PRISONER: "I was quietly attending to my work when this man arrested me."
Magistrate: "What is your business?"
Prisoner: "I am a burglar."

EMPLOYEE: "John, after this, when anyone calls, hand him the silver tray, and bring the card back on it."
John: "That's what I thought, sir, but that gentleman kept the tray."

A LIVERPOOL man who went to Alaska to dig gold writes home from Dawson City:
"You may expect me in Liverpool as soon as my clothes thaw enough for me to get my hands in my pockets and reach the money for my ticket."

PENNER: "What makes you wear your coat buttoned up to the chin like that, old man? It isn't so very cold to-day."
Quills: "I know it, but my wife made me a present yesterday of a new necktie that she had bought herself."

MATERNAL TROUBLES.—"Edie," cried the mother from the hall below, "what's all that noise upstairs? It's shocking."
"Oh, it's these two dolls of mine, mamma. I'm going to put them to bed, and see if we can't have a little peace."

MRS. BRIDELY (in tears): "Oh, John! How could you scold me so? You know you often said before our marriage that you delighted in cleanliness."
Mr. Bridely (grimly): "So I do; but I draw the line at paying for a woman to scrub the bottom of the coal-box just before the coal is put in."

"I AM afraid I have lost a patient," said the young physician, who realises the value of making an impression.
"Didn't you know what remedy to prescribe?"
"Perfectly. That part of it was simple enough. But I couldn't think of the Latin for 'mustard plaster.'"

THE country clergyman was nailing a refractory creeper to a piece of trellis work near his front gate, when he noticed that a small boy had stopped, and was watching him with great attention.
"Well, my young friend," he said, pleased to see the interest he excited, "are you looking out for a hint or two on gardening?"
"No," said the youth, "I be waiting to hear what a parson says when he hammers his thumb."

"EXCUSE me, Mrs. Bowder," said the cook, "but would you mind if I had this address engraved on me card?"
"Not at all, Bridget. This is your home, and if you have a card it is perfectly proper to put your address on it."

"An' I noticed you have printed on your cards, ma'am, 'At home on Thursdays.' Would it be proper for me to have printed upon mine 'Thursdays off'?"

He was making a hollow pretence of being hungry at breakfast.

"Had to stay at the office to balance the books last night, my dear," he remarked.

She was gazing gloomily out of the window, and upon the lawn there were divers tracks in the last fall of spring snow.

"I hope the books were better balanced than yourself when you finished," she answered, not without bitterness.

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY" INSURANCE COUPON.

The signing of this coupon by the purchaser will be sufficient to entitle his or her next-of-kin or legal representative to the benefits of the £7,000 Railway Insurance and the Cycling Insurance, provided the conditions of the insurance coupon have been fulfilled.

Signature.....

Available from 5 p.m., Friday, May 6th, 1898, until midnight, Saturday, May 14th, 1898. For full particulars see column 3, page 716.

- GREAT -

CRICKET COMPETITION.

PRIZES OF £1,000, £100, £25.

THE interest aroused in our Football Competition was so keen, and its popularity was so great, that we have decided, with the beginning of the cricket season, to institute a similar competition in connection with our great summer pastime.

The cricket matches named below will be played during the week ending May 21st. To the reader who names the correct result of all these matches we will pay the sum of

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS.

In the event of two or more being correct the money will be divided.

If no competitor gives a quite correct solution

TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS

will be divided amongst those nearest. If between now and the close of the cricket season any one competitor wins the hundred pounds prize in full three times we will make him a further present of

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS.

Every week we will offer these prizes so long as the interest of our readers is sustained in it, and as often as the prize is won just so often shall we pay it.

Cricket Coupon No. 1.

Matches to be played during week ending May 21st. Cross out which you consider will be the losing club. For a draw don't cross out either. If a tie, say so. Matches will only be considered as abandoned when a start is not made.

1 Nottingham	2 Derbyshire.
3 Oxford University	4 Mr. A. J. Webbe's XI.
5 Essex	6 Surrey.
7 Somerset	8 Yorkshire.
9 Warwickshire	10 Worcestershire.
11 Gloucestershire	12 Gloucestershire Colts
13 Gentlemen of M.C.C.	14 Durham University
15 M.C.C. and Ground	16 Nottingham.
17 Surrey	18 Derbyshire.
19 Gloucestershire	20 Yorkshire.
21 Cambridge University	22 Mr. A. J. Webbe's XI.
23 Lancashire	24 Leicestershire.
25 Essex	26 Sussex.
27 Somerset	28 Hampshire.
29 Oxford University	30 M.C.C. and Ground.

Name.....

Address.....

CUT OUT COUPON AND POST TO US UNFOLDED.

In Pearson's Athletic Record published on Wednesday, May 11th, you will find the past performances of the above clubs dealt with, and their comparative chances in these matches fully discussed.

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

1. Coupons may be sent either from P.W. or the Athletic Record. In the latter paper will be found valuable hints as to which side is likely to win.
2. Nobody must enter for this competition who will not abide by the Editor's final decision.
3. All coupons must reach us not later than Saturday, May 14th, first post. Any envelope bearing a postmark later than Friday, May 13th, will be disqualified.
4. Competitors should cut out the above coupon, score it as directed, put their name and address on the space provided, and send to "CRICKET," Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

For the convenience of those who wish to make more than one attempt we have prepared separate coupons, which we will send by post to applicants at the rate of twenty for a shilling. Those who want them must send postal orders for as many sheets of twenty as they require, and must inclose a stamped addressed envelope. Coupons will be sent by return and are made available for any week. The sheets may be cut up and the coupons used singly if desired.

APPLICATIONS FOR COUPONS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO C. ARTHUR PEARSON LIMITED, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

M A P

M A P

M A P

A ROMANCE OF CLIFFORD'S INN.

BY WINIFRED GRAHAM.

VERA was the third and prettiest daughter of Sir William Fitzgeorge, and from her earliest years had been a source of trouble, adoration, and anxiety to her parents, and the two older and more circumspect sisters.

Perhaps they loved her and were frightened for her, because in every way she was so absolutely different to themselves. Her utter lack of reserve, her abhorrence of restraint, her hot-blooded, excitable temperament, all were revelations to the cold and somewhat haughty natures of her family circle.

"Emotions were quite superfluous and unnecessary," Lady Fitzgeorge would say when Vera touched on the subject, "girls should neither foster nor think of them. It was all this new literature lying about in other people's drawing-rooms that put such nonsense into their heads!"

So it was with a sigh of relief that she and Sir William arranged a marriage *de convenance* between Vera and Canon Vincent, an elderly man for so young a bride, but immensely popular, and on the high road to a bishopric.

Vera liked and admired him, but her heart had never been touched by any great passion. She was surprised and flattered that so grave and clever a personage should want to marry her—the very last woman in the world suited to be a clergyman's wife.

"Mother always suspected I should make a *mésalliance*," she told Mrs. Suffield, a young and sprightly married woman, to whom Vera was devoted. "I suppose I shall have to be dreadfully good when I am Mrs. Vincent, and you won't take me to any more of those delightfully Bohemian parties at Brice Raikes'."

"He has another to-morrow night. Come and dine with me at eight, and we will drop in between ten and eleven."

The following night there was no face fairer, no voice merrier, no eyes brighter than those of Vera Fitzgeorge.

At first she was the centre of a group of men, each of whom tried to talk the others down, but eventually she drifted to an inner room of cosy corners and shaded lights, with Walter Brook, a journalist.

He was just the type that Vera most admired. Clear cut features, pale as if from overwork, but as nearly beautiful as human man could be. Almost satanically dark, yet with nothing evil in his keen eyes. She had met him before at Brice Raikes' evenings.

"I wish," he said, "that Mrs. Suffield would bring you to tea some day at Clifford's Inn."

"I want to come," said Vera earnestly. "Mrs. Suffield has often described your rooms to me. She says the old Inn is a restful nook, only a stone's throw from the fret and fume of packed streets, with sooty cobbles, worn grey and black by the tread of vanished generations."

"Yes, there is a kind of magnetism about the place, I would like you to come."

Vera talked on to Walter Brook till Mrs. Suffield bore her away, then the girl explained his subtle fascination in the brougham, and begged her chaperon to take her to Clifford's Inn.

Miss Fitzgeorge invariably managed to get her own way, and a week later, in a somewhat wistful, silent, and timorous mood, she gathered up her skirts from contact with the dust on the uncarpeted stairs, and followed Mrs. Suffield into the house in Clifford's Inn.

They spent a pleasant time chattering and taking tea, and when Mrs. Suffield rose to go, Walter Brook pressed a great bouquet of long-stalked lilies into Vera's hands.

"Take them," he said, "they were meant for you."

She buried her face in the fair, white faces of the flowers to hide her uncalled-for emotion.

Mrs. Suffield hurried down the forsaken alley, a little ahead of Vera and Walter.

For a moment they were side by side, out of hearing, in the shadowy precincts of the shadowy Inn, mellowed with age.

The man bent over her, his face aglow with passion, his tall frame quivering like a nervous racehorse, his eyes flashing with strange radiance.

"I love you," he whispered, "I love you. Will you be my wife?"

Then all was still; but out of the void of silence came the realisation of love welling into the girl's heart, obliterating every thought but the one overpowering fact—clear—astounding—clear.

At last she spoke, just as Mrs. Suffield had reached the brougham, and was turning to beckon her charge.

"I will send a message to-morrow by hand. What time will you be in?"

"At two o'clock!" he whispered, as they reached the carriage.

Then Vera was whirled away.

At two o'clock in the afternoon Walter waited impatiently for his message. He had not slept the previous night, but sat at his desk, pen in hand, intending to write, yet when he rose from a waking dream to watch the dawn, the sheet before him was empty.

Now, his time of suspense was over, for he heard footsteps on the stairs—the messenger from Vera! He went quickly to the door and flung it open—starting forward, an exclamation of surprise upon his lips.

Before him stood Vera Fitzgeorge, white to her very lips, her eyes shining with unshed tears.

She walked in slowly, while he remained, astounded and alarmed, by the open door.

"I wanted to speak to you alone. No one knows I am here."

Her voice sounded strangely altered. There was a hopeless ring in it that Walter had never heard before.

"You ought not to have come," he answered as sternly

as he could, battling with the sudden wave of emotion that seemed to be robbing him of his senses.

"It was not a question of right or wrong," said Vera, while her eyes drank back the tears, and burnt with a dry and feverish lustre. "I was impelled not by impulse, but by choice, after long hours of fighting—thought and prayer. Yesterday you asked me to marry you—"

"Yes, yes."

She held out her hand and laid it in his.

"I have come to give you your answer. I will be your wife."

He looked at her with wonder and delight, but he did not move, and still holding her hand, kept her at arm's length.

"Three days ago I came of age. I am a child no longer. The law now recognises me as a woman, entitled to please herself. If I ask the fatal 'May I?' it will be denied me. I am already the promised wife of a man, chosen by my parents to be my husband. I should have obeyed blindly, believing that I loved him, if you had not roused my soul from its dead apathy, if you had not come to save me!"

"But I cannot—I dare not—I will not steal you away like a blackguard, and a coward, from your parents and your home. If you do not think me fit to come and ask you openly, honestly, then let us part, and for ever!"

"You would wreck my happiness for an absurd code of honour?" asked Vera, pale and trembling with disappointment. "I offer you myself, and you refuse?"

"On such terms—yes."

She stood gazing at him with large, reproachful eyes, as if hardly comprehending his meaning.

"Then," she said slowly, determinedly, "I shall leave my home just the same, I shall run away and hide myself. Heaven knows where, till I have lived down my love for you. Perhaps I shall kill myself."

"Don't talk foolishly," he answered impatiently.

She turned away with a choking sob, looking so infinitely attractive in her whimsical mood, with the earnestness of a great and terrible resolve still upon her, that Walter's self-restraint gradually deserted him. Her eyes had such a mournful, and at the same time bewildering expression; her lips quivered.

He held out his arms with a cry, and Vera was in them.

A strange little drama, truly, in the shades of the old room.

"Can't you forgive her?" said Canon Vincent.

His face bore the lines of sorrow, but his voice was calm.

Sir William looked up quickly. "You ask me that?"

"Yes. We treated her badly, poor child, you and I, who both loved her so dearly. I see it all now. She never cared for me, but I did not understand. You might have guessed—and now—"

"Now she has run away and married some young scoundrel that we have never even seen. No, I can't forgive or forget."

Young Mrs. Walter Brook in the meanwhile was supremely happy in her new quarters at Clifford's Inn, and perfectly sanguine that her people would sooner or later throw off "that silly hauteur," as she called it.

"There is only one thing on my mind," she said one day, "and that is Dora's birthday ball. She was to have one on the 8th, and now I am afraid it will be postponed because of my iniquities. That is my only regret in having married you. Poor Dora! She was so fond of dancing."

But Vera was mistaken.

Sir William, in his indignation, insisted that the dance should be given. He expounded his reasons at length, the consequence being that the invitations were sent out, to the surprise of their numerous friends.

Vera, however, had not heard of the dance when Dora's birthday dawned. She thought a good deal of her sister all that day, and for the first time felt a qualm of uneasiness that her family was so long in making the expected advance.

She wished she might go and see Dora, and give her good wishes; but such a step was out of the question under the present strained circumstances.

Walter came home tired that evening to find a business telegram that necessitated his leaving Vera directly he had swallowed a hurried dinner.

It was the first evening she had been alone since her wedding.

She kissed him at the door, listened to the echo of his footsteps on the stairs, then ran to the window, flung it open, and leant out to drop one of her favourite white lilies playfully upon his hat.

After he had gone, the stillness of the place seemed accentuated, though the room had the same subtle fascination for Vera—she felt a sort of magic in the loneliness, the dead hush of the Inn.

Then drawing an easy-chair under the lamp she took up a book, but her thoughts kept wandering from the story to her family circle in St. James's Park, and the fact that it was Dora's birthday evening.

At last, tired out with thinking, she fell asleep.

When she woke it was late, past the hour Walter had promised to return.

A strange fright of the lonely room and the still lonelier courtyard through which Walter must pass came over her. She went to the window and looked out. It was very dark, and a little way down the path under the shadow of the wall, she could see the faint outline of a figure lying prostrate on the ground.

As she watched it, and her eyes grew accustomed to the outer darkness, a sudden paralysing dread, a fear too awful for utterance, seized her heart.

Her throat and lips became burnt and dry with the thought, all power seemed deserting her limbs, till, with an effort, she shook herself free of the rug, and sprang from the window seat to her feet.

The housekeeper heard her rush to the door, open it suddenly, and run down the stairs, the echo of her feet resounding.

Vera did not see her follow, but with every nerve on

wires she hastened to where the body lay, veiled in gloom.

Before she had bent low enough to distinguish the features, a cry of recognition broke from her lips and a thrill of agony shot through every fibre of her being.

She raised the unconscious form in her arms and felt something damp upon her hand.

"Good gracious, it ain't master, hurt?" cried Mrs. Brewitt, the housekeeper, arriving breathless on the scene.

"Lor, and they've taken his watch and his money," said the pockets of his coat turned inside out. "The thing's wretched! He's been followed to the door before by some queer-looking men, only he never told you."

The sense of her friendless condition swept over her a great wave of bitter dread, and with it her thoughts turned instinctively to the shelter and protection of her home.

"We will get him into a cab," she said, "and I'll take him straight to my father's house; they will know what to do."

A few moments later and Vera was driving back to her home with Walter, silently unconscious, his coat torn, his collar blood-stained, his eyes closed.

How long it seemed before they reached St. James's Park! In her fear for him she felt no nervousness at the prospect of meeting her people, but only a burning desire to relate and tell them all, to ask their help in her hour of need.

As the cab stopped she sprang out, never noticing the lights and the music for the ball was now in full swing. She entered the hall hastily, when a crowd of people in evening dress forced the startling fact upon her.

She turned frantically to the nearest man servant:

"Go and bring in the gentleman who is fainting in the cab. Quick! there is no time to lose."

She did not wait to return the glances of recognition that met her on all sides, but fled like a ghost through the gaily-attired throng, dressed in a thin black silk tea-gown, her hair dishevelled, her eyes widely opened as if in horror.

Sir William had just escorted his portly partner through the doorway, and was leading her to the refreshment room, when two hot ungloved hands seized his arm, and a voice, rendered unfamiliar by terror, cried:

"Oh! help me, help me, father!"

In a moment he had turned, and stood face to face with the pale, sad, little figure in black. All the love in his heart welled up at sight of her; his usual reserve deserted him; he started forward with a cry.

"Come," she said, taking his hand—"come and tell me what to do."

Quickly he followed her to the room where Walter lay, and in a few tear-choked words she told her story.

One of the guests, a comparative stranger to the Fitzgeorges had seen Walter Brook carried through the hall, and curiously inquired of his partner, who knew the circumstances no better than himself, what could be the meaning of it all.

"Oh!" she replied, "that man was knocked down by a cab just outside—an awful accident. I believe. I heard someone saying the driver was killed. I hope they won't bring the body in here—those sort of things spoil an evening so."

"I wonder if I could help," with a glance at the door through which Walter had been taken.

"Yes; do go, Mr. Vezin, and find out how he is. This is my dance with Marmaduke, and afterwards you can take me to supper and give me the details of the tragedy."

Vezin tapped gently at the door, and getting no answer, pushed it open. He advanced with the air of a man having authority and said:

"I'm a bit of a doctor in an amateur way. By Jove!" as he caught sight of Walter Brook's profile on the pillows.

Sir William glanced at his guest a trifle sharply, but though Vezin made no excuse for his apparently uncalled-for exclamation, he neither explained it, nor relaxed his look of astonishment.

Walter still lay senseless.

"He must have received a severe blow to remain unconscious so long," said Sir William.

"And probably deserved it," blurted out Vezin, unable to keep his information back. "That man's name is Brook—he's the young blackguard that robbed my father after coming to our house as my friend. He swindled—"

"How dare you, how dare you!" cried Vera, facing him with flashing eyes; "what are you saying! What do you dare to say?"

"The truth! Do you think I don't know Walter Brook—wait till he opens his eyes—wait till he sees me. But why are you so vexed for this stranger?"

He put the question to her suddenly.

Vera staggered to the couch, sank on her knees, and buried her face in her hands.

"This gentleman is my daughter's husband," said Sir William slowly.

Walter stirred, while his wife bent lower to catch his breathing. Then he raised his eyes feebly; they fell upon Vezin. A look of abject fear contracted his features, he stretched out his hand as if to ward off a blow.

"Vezin!" he gasped, "Vezin!"

The man came nearer, his face had altered strangely since he learnt that this was Sir William's son-in-law.

He took Walter's hand, while the dying man kept his eyes riveted with an awful fear upon him.

"Don't—tell—them," he gasped.

Vezin let the cold hand fall and stepped back.

Then he left the room, dizzy with horror.

The woman who had sent him was waiting in the hall.

"You're not going!" she said.

"Yes," he muttered fiercely, "I've done a nice piece of work this evening; I wish I could bite my tongue out! The man is dead; you must all go!"

Vera's scream was still ringing in his ears, as he hastened out into the night. Her eyes glared through the darkness, while her voice followed him trembling with rage and pain: "What are you saying? What do you dare to say?" "No heard it distinctly, coupled with the low pathetic murmur: "Don't tell them!"

"And I told," he said bitterly, "I told!"

THE WAR LAWS OF THE WORLD.

WHAT BRITONS MAY NOT DO IN THE PRESENT FIGHT.

In view of the part—a rather trying one—that Great Britain, in common with other Powers, has now to play—that of an interested spectator of an interesting fight, P.W. thinks it may prove profitable, as well as entertaining, to tell her citizens just what they may and may not do during the continuance of hostilities, especially as want of precise information on the subject cost England, when America last went to war, some millions of pounds.

Whenever hostilities break out between two important and friendly nations a royal proclamation is issued here, enjoining all and sundry to take no part in it. But even this is, to the "man in the street," not very clear, and we are supplementing it.

First of all no one, once war has been declared, may fit out, or cause to be fitted out, any armed expedition to assist either of the fighting nations, and if he does his country will have to pay, and pay heavily, for his individual misdoing.

This offence is punishable under the Foreign Enlistment Act, but for several of the breaches of International Law there is no punishment at all for the individual. It is the nation that suffers.

Some of these International War Laws, all of which are strictly observed by neutral powers, work out very funny on occasions. During the last set-to between France and China, for instance, the former nation declared rice "to be contraband of war," and this was accepted, though not without protest, by the other Powers.

Accordingly it became a breach of International Law to send rice to China, and the nation whose traders did so would have had to make reparation, provided, that is, that their Government had not exercised "due and proper care" in the matter.

Now that Great Britain has declared coal contraband of war, the merchant who ships any to Spain will, probably, compel us to pay an indemnity to the States.

It doesn't matter, even, that a contract made in time of peace places him under an obligation to supply it. All such contracts, the moment war is declared, become null and void, and the Government will, if they can, stop them from being fulfilled.

The question of what is and is not "contraband" is a rather vexed one. The old notion, and one that some nations still adhere to, is that only arms and ammunition can be treated as contraband, while the newer idea is that any article which materially assists either of the belligerents comes within the scope of the word. But uncertain as is its meaning, the punishment is terribly sharp. Contraband goods are, when caught "by the other side," confiscated, and the trader who supplied them has had his trouble for nothing.

Then, again, it is an offence against International Law, and one for which any nation would have to pay heavily, for a neutral country to give harbourage to a war vessel of either side. She has, however, the right to give "asylum" to a wrecked or dismantled one (though this right has to be used with great discretion) and that dismantled vessel may not be followed by the enemy into neutral waters.

In the American civil war, for instance, the *Chesapeake*, a Yankee passenger steamer, was captured by five enthusiastic Southern voyagers, who collared the captain unawares, ran up the "rebel" flag, and made for Nova Scotia, where they steamed into British waters.

Here two Yankee vessels followed and recaptured her, and for this breach of International Law the Northern States apologised to Britain.

But though two vessels may not fight in neutral waters one can follow the other over them, and this was done with the famous *Alabama*, which cruiser was chased all over the world before it was run to earth and beaten.

Then there must be no enlisting for troops in the United Kingdom once the fight commences, and should any reader of P.W. be asked to take up arms either for Spain or the States, he will find that it is safer to decline. And not only that, but neutral Powers may not even let the forces of either belligerents pass through their territory.

Impossible.

"THE vendetta is a terrible institution," remarked the man who had been reading a novel. "I am very glad that it could not possibly gain a foothold in this country."

"Of course the British temperament could not tolerate such a thing."

"And, moreover, supposing a man named Smith were to have a difficulty with a man named Brown or Robinson. Just look in the City directory, and see how many families would be involved. It wouldn't be any vendetta. It would be a war."

The Measurement of Smells.

EUGENE MESNARD, a French botanist, is reputed to have discovered a simple and easy method of measuring the intensity of an odour.

He takes advantage of the delicate qualitative power of the sense of smell—that is, of its ability to discriminate between odours, though they differ only by a very little.

He finds that if some very characteristic odour be mingled with the one to be measured there is a certain point where they balance and form what he calls a "neutral odour." In this state the addition of a minute quantity of either scent causes that one to predominate, and thus a very "small smell can be detected and measured."

To Keep Away Rust.

A NEW rust preventer has been adopted by the German Army and Navy and by a large number of European manufacturers. It is composed of greases and volatile oils, which evaporate on exposure to the air, leaving an air-tight film or skin adhering tightly to the metal, and absolutely and permanently preventing the corrosive action of salt air, salt water, rain, snow, dampness, steam, gases, and fumes of acid and ammonia.

It is neutral, contains no acid, and leaves neither spots nor marks when removed. The coating is transparent, and as it does not dull the appearance of bright metal surfaces, it is of special service to machinery builders and dealers who have goods in stock.

A small quantity covers a large amount of surface, one gallon being sufficient to protect 1,100 square feet, while it is easily applied with a rag or soft brush, and can be quickly removed with turpentine or benzine, a point of superiority over white lead. It is claimed that an article once coated with it is protected from rust as long as the film is allowed to remain.

Value of Accuracy.

A MAN of businesslike aspect invaded a shoe shop yesterday morning and said:

"I see you claim to do invisible patching. Can you put an invisible patch on this shoe? I don't want it done unless you can, because this is one of my swell shoes, and I don't want it to show."

"If I don't put an invisible patch on it I won't charge you anything for the job."

"All right, I'll leave it."

The shoemaker took the shoe, and in about fifteen minutes brought it back to him, neatly repaired.

"H'm!" ejaculated the customer, "I think the bargain was, that if you didn't put an invisible patch on it, you wouldn't charge anything, wasn't it? This is the patch, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's perfectly visible. What you meant was, I presume, that you could make the evidences of its being a patch invisible, but you ought to have said so. A bargain's a bargain. Let this be a lesson to you. Good-morn—"

"Hold on. I can arrange that all right," said the shoemaker.

He took the shoe again, ran a sharp knife under one edge of the patch, applied a pair of sharp nippers, dexterously ripped it off, threw it behind a workbench, and handed the shoe back again.

"There," he said, "is your shoe, and the patch, as you'll notice, isn't visible now. Let this be a lesson to you. Good-morn— Oh, he's gone."

DR. DUCK: "Your feathers are exceedingly pretty."
Henrietta: "Yes; you see I was hatched from a dyed egg."

HE: "She is all the world to me."
SHE: "You must have felt last night as if you had the world on your shoulders."

A LOVE STORY.—"Love, I will love thee ever!" sang the troubadour in the garden.

"Ah, the beautiful lyre!" exclaimed the fair Lady Constance in the tower.

Now, even in those crude old days lovers were quick to put wrong constructions upon things.

"I fear me she believes me not!" sighed the troubadour accordingly, for the words of the maiden had not escaped him.

SPIES IN SHOPS.

A GIGANTIC SYSTEM OF DOGGING THE MOVEMENTS OF SHOPMEN.

THE average person who goes into a big grocer's shop, for instance, and buys perhaps half a pound of raisins does not realise that the movements of the assistant who hands the goods over the counter are being scrupulously guarded by a gigantic system of detectives, whose duty it is to spy one upon another. Such, however, is the case. Every person holding a position in a large trading establishment is spied upon by someone directly superior, who, in his turn, is under the eyes of another detective.

There are many large firms of bootmakers, to take them as a general example, who have branches throughout London, the suburbs, and the provinces. It is the duty of the management of these firms to see that every assistant is working for the general good of his employers to the utmost of his power; that he is, in short, taking as much money from the buying public as anyone in his position can possibly do. In order to show that every branch shop is being "pushed" to the highest extent, this gigantic system of spying has originated.

With the purpose of discovering something about the manner in which the managers of big shops guard the interests of their firm, P.W. has been interviewing a prominent detective on a large firm of bootmakers, who have depôts all over the country.

"It has long been found necessary that such a system as is now employed should be brought into force," said the detective. "A case occurred in one of our depôts in the North of London recently which proves how successful the system sometimes is. There were four assistants in this shop, over whom was a manager. It was his duty to supervise every detail of the work. Above the manager in rank is an individual known as a district inspector. He became dissatisfied with the way in which the manager looked after the assistants. It seemed to him that the four young men had too much freedom."

"The district inspector accordingly proposed to the head of the firm that a new manager should be placed over this special shop. The head looked into the accounts, found that the profits were only £10 a week, and agreed to try a change. The new manager came, and proceeded to take the four young men in hand, with the result that the profits of the business had increased in a month to £30 a week."

"Above the manager and the district inspector in rank are the chief inspectors. In a large shop there will frequently be four of these men in attendance all day. They have nothing to do with the business of the firm, beyond guarding the movements of the district inspector, the manager, and the assistants. They keep a very sharp eye on every customer, and if anyone goes away dissatisfied, they immediately know the reason why. These chief inspectors are not necessarily known either to the district inspector or the manager, or indeed to each other. Their work is purely of a detective character, and they spy chiefly on the two officials beneath them in rank."

"It will be seen that managers and district inspectors are very sharply guarded, and at no small expense. The heads of large firms, however, find that the system pays, for it is quite within the power of a manager to ruin the business of a shop."

"The spying system, however, does not end with the chief inspectors. Above them in rank are a limited number of general detectives—tried and able men, who have usually been with the firm for years, and who know every detail of the work of the heads of departments. They deal directly with the business heads of the firm, and their power is absolute. They visit every shop, and see that every assistant and employé is filling precisely his right place."

"There can be no doubt that this gigantic system of spying has a wonderful result in keeping the work at high pressure, and in making everyone accurate and careful in his dealings. There are, of course, very serious drawbacks to these methods of business. The employés do not work so much for the general good of the firm as for their own personal interests in keeping their positions. There is a tendency to make everyone deceitful."

"The shop assistants, for instance, know that if they can keep on good terms with their manager, they need not trouble very much about anything else. The managers, in their turn, deceive the district inspectors, while the chief inspectors deceive the general detectives, who, in their turn, very likely deceive the heads of the firm. Nevertheless, as I said before, a business has been known to increase in an extraordinary manner when this gigantic spying system has been employed."

A MELBOURNE candidate, after laying down a somewhat advanced programme, exclaimed:

"Yes, gentlemen, and I will go one step further," saying which he stepped over the edge of the rostrum in short-sighted enthusiasm, and fell among the reporters beneath.

The Second Portrait Competition

was not so striking as the first, the likeness between the portraits published, and the competitors' photos, not being so marked. Below is a list of winners, and a cheque for £1 has been forwarded to each of them.

The prize for the nearest likeness to the DUCHESS OF YORK, has been awarded to Miss MARY BRANDON, 61 Sydney Street, Fulham Road, S.W.

The prize for the nearest likeness to JOHN STRANGE WINTER, has been awarded to MADAM HENRY GODFREY, 10 Camp Road, Leeds.

The prize for the nearest likeness to Mr. COWAN DOYLE, has been awarded to Mr. KELLY, 9 Burns Road, Westcliff.

The prize for the nearest likeness to the DUKES OF YORK, has been awarded to Mr. H. E. GAVIN, 11 Combe Hotel, Ilfracombe.

The prize for the nearest likeness to Mr. HALL CAINE, has been awarded to Mr. J. W. BROWN, 13 Copley Hill, Gravelly Hill, Birmingham.

The prize for the nearest likeness to LORD WILLIAM BERRSFORD, has been awarded to Mr. WILLIAM ELLIOTT, 330 Westgate Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The prize for the nearest likeness to Mr. BALFOUR, has been awarded to Mr. J. FRYING, 13 College Hill, Shrewsbury.

The prize for the nearest likeness to Mr. C. HAYDEN-COFFIN, has been awarded to Mr. WILLIAM F. KING, 600 High Road, Tottenham, N.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

3995. Has Fishing by Means, or with the Aid, of Geese ever been Practised in Great Britain?

Several of the early works on angling contain allusions to the catching of pike by the aid of geese or ducks. In his "Art of Angling," published just prior to Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler," Thomas Barker has a few lines on this form of sport, while the renowned Izaak himself tells the angler "Take thy geese, a full-grown bird, and unto his leg make fast thy bait with a tree-foot line and a strong wire. Then set him across a mere where a pike is wont to lie." Ladies and gentlemen indulged in this amusement, following the goose's course in a boat. The fish caught at the baited hook, and then began a battle royal, usually ending by the goose dragging the fish ashore. During all the splashing and struggling, the fine folk in the boat gave vent to their pleasure in cheering and clapping their hands, evidently endorsing the statement of Izaak Walton, that it afforded excellent sport, fitted for good folk and fishermen. The Lake of Menteith, in Perthshire, was a frequent scene of this curious angling pastime.

3997. Which was the First Public Library ever Opened?

Libraries instituted for research in all branches of knowledge existed in remote antiquity. According to Professor Sayce, such a one was founded by Sargon I., the Semitic ruler of Akkad, about 3800 B.C.; here was deposited the great work of Babylonian astronomy, the "Observations of Bel," and the name of the keeper of this library has been handed down to us on his seal. Similar libraries were founded in the chief cities of Babylonia, the contents of which—either the original works, or copies or translations of them—were drawn upon to enrich the famous Assyrian library of Nineveh, founded, it is stated, by Assurbanipul (Sardanapalus) from political motives. That it was a public library is indicated by a remark of the king at the end of a treatise: "I have placed it in my palace for the instruction of my subjects." According to a writer on the subject, the volumes were all numbered, and anyone who wished to consult a book wrote the number of it on a ticket and handed it to the keeper. The library founded at Athens by Pisistratus about the year 540 B.C. is often stated to be the first that was open to the public: the more famous Alexandrian Library takes the next place in point of time.

3998. Have we any Reason to Suppose that there was ever Constant Communication between the Old and New Worlds before the Days of Columbus?

We must pass over the indications of identity of origin in the natives of America and Oriental peoples, as well as the conjectural visits of Buddhist priests and the alleged voyages of Irish missionaries—neither of which necessarily implies continual communication—and come to the eleventh century. There is little doubt that the Norwegians who colonised Iceland in the tenth century also visited and colonised Greenland in the eleventh. Lord Dufferin says: "Greenland was colonised by Europeans in the tenth, and America discovered by Icelanders at the commencement of the eleventh century." As the Norwegians certainly had a settlement on the West Coast of Greenland at Upernavik long before Columbus, it seems most probable that they would have known of the neighbouring Continent of America. They certainly colonised some part of North America, which they called Finland, but it is not agreed what part this was. It has been identified with various parts of the coast between Labrador and New Jersey. Between Greenland and Norway, and between Finland and Norway, there was constant communication in the eleventh and the following centuries. In 1122 Erik Upsi was appointed by

Pope Pascal II., Bishop of Finland. The last bishop was appointed in 1540. These Norwegian settlements gradually decayed, through pestilence and the attacks of the natives. In a brief of Pope Nicholas V., dated 1448, reference is made to the destruction by the Esquimaux of Norwegian settlements in Greenland about thirty years previously. It is, perhaps, worth mentioning that Columbus was in Iceland in 1477, as he himself mentions in one of his letters.

3999. Which Ancient State Owned the Most Perfect Postal System?

We find the first recorded postal system in the Persian empire under Cyrus the Elder; but it is clear that Rome of all the ancient States possessed the best organised system of transmitting letters through its numerous provinces. All along the great Roman roads, houses were erected at a distance of five or six miles from each other. At each of these stations forty horses were constantly kept, and by the help of the relays it was easy to travel a hundred miles in a day. These services were intended for the State only, it being imperative to secure the rapid interchange of official communications. In the time of Julius Caesar the system was so well organised that of two letters the great soldier wrote from Britain to Cicero at Rome, the one reached its destination in twenty-six, and the other in twenty-eight days. Private citizens had to trust to the services of slaves, and it is not till the end of the third century that we hear of the establishment of a postal system for private persons by the Emperor Diocletian, but how long this system remained history does not say.

4001. Has a Monument ever been Erected to the Potato?

That discovered in the Upper Hartz may be claimed as a monument in honour of the potato. In the dense undergrowth of the so-called Brandhai in the Upper Hartz, there was found, a short time ago, a granite block seven feet high, fixed on a stone pedestal, with an iron tablet bearing the inscription: "Here, in the year 1747, the first trials were made with the cultivation of the potato." The early introduction of the potato plant into Germany, and its general use in that country, was due to the foresight of King Frederic II., who, realising its value, and finding other measures failed to cause the German peasant to adopt it, took forcible means to compel them to cultivate it. A statue of Sir Francis Drake, holding a bunch of potatoes in his hand, was erected as recently as 1853 in the main street of Offenburg, in Baden, in honour of his having (supposedly) introduced the potato into Europe.

4007. Is there any Recorded Instance of a Civilised Monarch Offering a Child as a Human Sacrifice within the Present Century?

Faustin I., Emperor of Hayti in 1852, is known to have been a member of the mysterious and infamous Vaudoux sect, who frequently offer children to their god the serpent with hideous rites and at dead of night, in the solitude of secluded forest glades in that country. It would be difficult to prove that Faustin, or as he is usually called, Toulouque, actually offered a human sacrifice himself because the fear of death by poison prevents the members of the sect divulging what takes place during these nocturnal orgies, but inasmuch as in 1864, eight persons were shot at the Capital in the presence of many thousands of people for sacrificing and eating a girl of twelve, it is only too probable that Toulouque, who was a monster of wickedness, was himself guilty of a similar crime before his subjects dethroned him. In any case, his successor, Salmave, President of the Republic of Hayti, offered sacrifices of goats to the sacred serpent and bathed in their blood, and was told by the Vaudoux priest that, if he would gain the victory over his enemies, he must not rest content with sacrifices of goats with horns, but must offer a "goat without horns," the Vaudoux term for a human victim. It is generally believed that he actually committed the crime recommended.

4008. Which is the Most Singular Connection that has been Observed between a Letter of the Alphabet and the Career of a Famous Man?

That between the letter M and the careers of the first and third Napoleons. Marbois was the first to call attention to young Bonaparte's military genius; Marengo was his first great victory; he superseded Melas in the command of the French Army in Italy; many of his best generals had names beginning with M; Moulmotte was his first battle, and Mont Saint Jean (or Waterloo) the last; and Moscow was the scene of a great disaster. Marie Louise was his wife at the height of his fame; Maret was his trusted confidant; Murat was his first martyr; Moreau betrayed him; and Metternich defeated him in diplomacy. His last residence in France was Malmaison. Napoleon III. married a Countess de Montijo; his most intimate friend was the Duke of Morny, and his most dreaded enemy, Mazzini. One of his chief military commanders was MacMahon, Duke of Magenta. The great battle of Solferino took place on the banks of the Mincio, and the cities of Mantua and Milan were conspicuous during the campaign. Malakoff and Mamelon mark brilliant achievements during his reign. The Mexican war and the execution of Maximilian caused his power to wane. Sedan is on the Meuse. He owed his disasters in the war of 1870 chiefly to the genius of Moltke. And in neither case do the above examples exhaust the list.

4002. Which is Probably the Oldest Forename still in Use?

In ancient times people had one name only, as Adam or David, and in order to distinguish persons of the same name it was the custom to affix the description "son of" Isaac or Jacob, as the case might be. Thus we get Solomon ben David among the Hebrews, and Evan ap Richard among the Welsh, to quote two examples. Although the argument that those names were not strictly "forenames" is not without weight, yet it is reasonable to accept them as such, seeing that the appellation had to be supplemented by another for the sake of distinction; we are, therefore, entitled to include them within the scope of the question. Adam and other early Biblical names are regarded as the oldest, for obvious reasons; but, excluding these, the choice falls upon Marmaduke, which is the modern rendering of the ancient Chaldean Meridug, also written Maruduk and Merodach, the god who interceded constantly between the angry Ea and the humble Damkina, his father and mother. The Romans used both forenames and family names, and of the former, two that date back about 2,500 years, are still with us, namely, Marcus and Lucius, represented in modern tongues by Mark and the feminine Lucy. The old form "Marcus" is still retained in some families.

4003. Which was the First Book Printed by Steam Power?

The second edition of Dr. Elliotson's translation of Blumenbach's work on "Physiology," published in 1817; the printers were Bensley and Son. This was not the first time that the process of printing had been carried out by machinery driven by steam power, for in April 1811 3,000 sheets of the "Annual Register" were so printed; and those who read the TIMES of November 28th, 1814, also held in their hands a newspaper printed with the aid of steam power. The statement made in the TIMES to the effect that it was the first specimen of steam printing is thus shown to be inaccurate. The machinery was the invention of Friedrich König, a Saxon, who came to England in 1804 or 1806. He had given much attention to improvements in printing machines, but had met with very little encouragement in his own country, and came to England in hopes of better fortune. Here he probably had the benefit of the ideas of John Nicholson. In 1811 he took out a patent, and succeeded in making such an impression on Mr. John Walter that the latter entered into an agreement for printing his paper by means of König's machine.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

M.A.P.

QUESTIONS.

4031. Have our domestic disputes ever affected our foreign policy?

4032. In which country has loyalty to the sovereign proved most fatal?

4033. Why were people more hospitable in barbarous ages?

4034. Why is vegetation within the Arctic Circle so rapid in growth and brilliant in colour?

4035. Which is the most ancient battle whose date has been approximately fixed?

4036. Has a professional pugilist ever occupied a seat in the House of Commons?

4037. What effect has distance upon the visibility of the different colours?

4038. Can it be proved that any appreciable amount of heat is received by the earth from the moon?

4039. Why does the dog enjoy hunting with man when nothing will induce a cat to do so?

4040. Why is the horse the only animal that "shies" at unexpected objects?

M.A.P.

Ocean

(Empowered by Special Act
of Parliament.)

Accident and . . .
Guarantee . . .
Corporation Ltd.

Authorised Capital - - - - £1,000,000
Subscribed Capital - - - - £420,870
Reserve Fund, Dec. 31, 1897 - - £327,477

The "COMBINED" Policy of the Ocean Accident Corporation insures against ACCIDENTS and INFECTIOUS DISEASES, is WORLD-WIDE as to Travel, and provides an ANNUITY.

SEND FOR
PROSPECTUS.

Fidelity Guarantees. Employers' Liability Insurance.
Burglary Insurance. Mortgage Insurance.
Sickness Insurance. Indemnity (Third Party) Insurance.

HEAD OFFICE
40 TO 44 MOORGATE ST., LONDON, E.C.

R. J. PAULL,
General Manager and Secretary.

M.A.P.

PEOPLE WHOSE PHOTOS SELL.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT POPULAR PORTRAITS.

PLEBISCITE by means of photographs would be by no means so rough and ready a test of popularity as might appear at first sight.

A temporary cause may produce a great photographic craze for a short time, and may induce the selling of a certain photograph to an inordinate extent, as in the case of some individual who has gained a passing notoriety, or in the case of a woman of transcendent photographic beauty, which, by-the-way, is a different matter from real beauty, which depends a great deal on the colour. In these cases, however, the excitement is a purely temporary one, and expends itself as soon as a newer candidate for beauty honours appears on the scene.

P.W. has been making investigations into this subject, and the photographic standpoint confirms what would be the general opinion of every member of the community who had to answer the question as to who was the most popular personage in the land.

Unhesitatingly the answer would be "The Queen." In spite of many attempts to get the best photographers to put a number to Her Majesty's pictures which were sold last year, they one and all absolutely refuse to do so, alleging that it would be impossible for any figures to be given which would be at all accurate.

These photographs have of course been purchased not only for what may be called home consumption, but also for export to the colonies, and it is probable that the circulation has reached hundreds of thousands, if not millions. Even then it must be remembered that these photographs do not represent the total number, for they have been reproduced by the illustrated papers, whose circulation has again reached millions.

After the portrait of Her Majesty, the oldest member of the Royal family alive, the demand is greatest for those of the youngest members of the family, the children of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York heading the list, the public seeming hardly able to be satisfied with the pictures of the pretty little boys, for the baby Princess has hardly yet achieved the distinction of photographic popularity.

It need hardly be said that, although these children lead for the moment, their photographs have not sold to anything like the numbers which could be placed to the credit of their beautiful and ever-popular grandmother, the Princess of Wales, whose photograph is in constant demand, and which is still, in the words of the trade, "a great seller."

Always constant, too, is the request for pictures of the Prince of Wales. The Princess Beatrice, as well as the Duke of Connaught, have both sold largely, and still command a large sale.

After the Royal Family, the members of the dramatic profession, as may be supposed, command the greatest attention of the people. This is no doubt due to the fact that they also are constantly before the public, to which they make an emotional appeal. It must, however, be said at the outset that the demand for the portraits of actresses is largely in excess of that of actors.

Certain outside considerations, however, such as the play in which the actor is appearing, and the opportunity it lends for the display of peculiar characteristics have, say the photographers, a great deal to do with the numbers of photographs which are sold.

Miss Letty Lind and Miss Mabel Love, who are both well-known for their beauty, as well as the portraits of such favourites as Miss Ellen Terry, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Miss Julia Neilson, Miss Millard, and, during the run of *Trilby*, Miss Dorothea Baird, the representative of Mr. du Maurier's remarkable heroine.

Of the men connected with the stage, after Mr. Wilson Barrett, Sir Henry Irving easily takes the first place, and for years there has been a constant demand for his portraits. After him come those who are known as "the ladies' favourites," such handsome actors as Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Hayden Coffin, Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. Charles Wyndham, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree. It would, however, astonish these gentlemen to learn that when from any temporary cause they are not acting in London, the demand for their photographs falls off considerably, while in certain characters they are far more popular than in others.

In the world of diplomacy, Lord Salisbury and Mr. Arthur Balfour are the photographic favourites, closely run by Mr. Chamberlain and other members of the Cabinet, although the figures do not reach very large numbers.

Literary men will be astonished to hear that, though the public may delight in their books, they take no very great interest in their personality, possibly because the best known authors are for the best part men, and, as has been said, men's photographs are not regarded with the same favour as those of women.

Rudyard Kipling easily holds the first place, as he probably does in the esteem of the reading public, while, when *Trilby* was in the height of its popularity, the photograph of its lamented author was one of those most asked for.

The emotional hold of the clergy over the minds of the public finds its reflex in the rush for their photographs. Thus, last year those of the new Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London were very much sought for, and Cardinal Vaughan has had a great run, while the late Archbishop of Canterbury, with his beautiful face, also had a big sale.

A Long Way Round.

HE was born in good old Ireland, and travelled half his life

To find a fitting lady whom he could make his wife. He went to Southern England one summer in great haste,

But returned because he could not find one suited to his taste.

One winter's day he went up North, and met some beauties there.

Who, if what he declared was true, were fairest of the fair;

But when he got back home again his neighbours only sighed,

Because he did not bring with him a young and blushing bride.

He journeyed then to Manchester, and then crossed o'er to France,

Where women are so beautiful they all the men entrance.

He travelled next through Germany, and when his trip was o'er,

He came back and was wedded to a girl who lived next door.

The Flea as a Worker.

THE flea, although given to moving about, is eminently domestic in his habits, preferring the privacy of home and its attendant social affinities and enjoyments to the attractions and glitter of the hollow outside world. He is quiet and industrious, and applies himself to his vocation with a patience and assiduity worthy of a better cause.

His endurance is wonderful; the shades of night give him no rest from his labours, and although it is true that he has a penchant for the bed, even there he is not idle, but during the silent midnight watches, retired from the busy haunts of daily life, he still persists in toiling for his grub. In this respect alone, the ant, although recommended by so wise a man as Solomon, is not to be compared with the flea.

Again, the unobtrusive quietness and unostentatious methods of his manner as compared with his cousin the mosquito are noticeable and praiseworthy; and yet, despite his modesty, his methods are so striking and peculiar that he not only frequently becomes prominent, but his society is so much sought after that life becomes a burden to him, and he would gladly flee away and be at rest.

So much for popularity.

While we admire the many surprisingly good qualities of the flea, we cannot close our eyes to his imperfections. It is to be regretted that his morals are corrupted to a very considerable extent, but this is not surprising, for, if it be true that wickedness runs in the blood, there is strong reason to believe him tainted with original sin. Nor is he as brave or chivalrous as we could desire, for he evidently believes that "he who fights and runs away may live to fight another day," and a live flea is better than a dead one.

Again, he is not exactly the personification of high souled honour, for in his bloodthirsty quest for the necessities and luxuries of life, and in a laudable desire to make his mark in the world, he will not only attack the innocent representative of infantile years, but the helpless victims of age and disease as well.

Taking everything into account, it will no doubt be gratifying to his enemies to know that although he is often permitted to die in bed, an end, they will say, worthy of a better life, yet he sometimes meets a violent and cruel death, even in the very prime of his existence, and when he is taking long leaps in the direction of becoming a well-developed and eminently fleaish flea; but to the philanthropic and unbiassed minds of those not particularly acquainted with him by personal contact, so sad an ending to an active and industrious life, will ever seem a matter of mystery and regret.

SHE: "I suppose you could see deception written on her face?"

He: "No, but I could see it painted there."

NEW ACQUAINTANCE (admiringly): "She is a peach though, isn't she?"

Rejected Admirer (dejectedly): "Yes, she has a stony heart."

BILL: "You said you kissed Birdie last night for the first time?"

Jill: "Yes, that's what I did; and she said, 'The cheeks you are kissing were never kissed by man before.' What do you think of that?"

"I think she must be two-faced, then."

"MOROCCO is certainly governed after the manner of the calendar," said He Who Looked On.

"How's that?" asked the Inquisitive Ones.

"Dey after Dey," said the speaker.

A good running perspective of history and a perusal of the almanac will make a man seem erudite, after all.

CAN THE YANKEE NAVY WIN?

THE WEAK POINTS OF UNCLE SAM'S SHIPS.

"I CANNOT say that I think much of it," was the somewhat terse reply of a well-known naval officer in reply to P.W.'s inquiry for some information as to the sea power of Uncle Sam.

"There's a great deal of nonsense being talked about the strength of the American Navy," he continued. "In the first place it isn't at all strong. Strangely enough, although the States were the first nation to introduce the modern style of fighting ship—the iron-clad turret ship having been first built by its inventor, Ericsson, during the American War of Secession—they have been practically the last Great Power to seriously introduce it into their own navy."

"In addition to a great paucity of vessels, which, by the way, they have been recently endeavouring to remedy by extensive purchases from foreign Governments, the personnel of the American Navy is very different to our own. In the British Navy no seaman is allowed to enlist unless he can prove himself of British nationality, but with the Yankees all is grist that comes to their mill. The result is that many of the much-vaunted Yankee 'commerce destroyers' (i.e., fast cruisers) are manned by as heterogeneous a mob as could well be imagined. This does not, of course, matter much in time of peace, but in the hour of national danger it seems highly problematical whether the Italian, German, Swedish, negro, and even Spanish members of U.S. warship crews would stand by the country of their adoption."

"Then as to the ships themselves. Leaving the older ships out of the question as a matter of course, what do we find in the newer vessels? In nearly every instance everything has been sacrificed to an enormous gun-fire. The U.S. cruisers and battleships literally bristle with turrets, sponsons and guns of every description. Everything else has been relegated to a back place; speed, coal-carrying capacity, armour, and even the most vital item of ammunition itself being all subordinated to a huge number of guns."

"The idea of U.S. naval constructors has all along been to give their vessels absolutely the heaviest gun-fire of any afloat and in this particular they have doubtless succeeded."

"On the other hand, however, their small coal capacity terribly limits their range of action, their maximum speed as new ships being seldom much above sixteen knots, whilst the total amount of ammunition carried would not supply their numerous guns for more than a few hours vigorous firing at the outside."

"In the last annual report on the U.S. Navy, issued in November 1897, a special clause was inserted recommending the building of a naval powder factory, and pointing out that in the previous Spanish war scare of 1896 they actually had not sufficient powder to enable the home fleet to fight for twenty-four hours!"

"Another curious fact about the American Navy is the inexperience of the engine room hands. So bad has this become that it has actually had the effect of causing a large number of their naval engineers to be retired on account of insanity brought on by the constant anxiety of being responsible for the doings of crews wholly ignorant of their work. A notable article on this subject was contributed to the press a short time since by an American engineer. In this the writer stated that on being appointed to the U.S. monitor *Amphitrite* and putting to sea he found his engine-room staff absolutely ignorant of the simplest matters relating to the filling and steaming of the ship's boilers and the proper methods of firing them. The consequence was that the temperature in the engine room rose to 158 degs., and that in the stokehole to 170 degs., whilst the speed dropped to 7½ knots. Within a week 28 stokers had to be put on the sick list, whilst the officers' quarters, being over the boilers, formed an adjunct to the cooks' galley as slow baking rooms."

"In the matter of docking facilities and of geographical situation the States are sadly handicapped. The disastrous termination of the Panama Canal scheme was a great blow to them, since an enemy such as, say, Japan could suddenly ravage San Francisco and the Pacific seaboard for weeks together, well knowing that no naval reinforcements could reach their opponents from the American North Atlantic Squadron except by means of the lengthy route *via* the Horn."

"As for the large dry docks necessary for the proper repairing of full-size battleships—the States have none. So bad is their plight in this respect that recently, on the battleship *Indiana* requiring docking, they were compelled to send her to our own port at Halifax N.S.; and this but a few months after the seal fishery dispute had been threatening to plunge them into war with ourselves."

"What the exact result of a conflict between the Spanish and American fleets will be, it is, of course, impossible to foretell. In face of what one knows of both nations it seems, however, probable that the solid old Anglo-Saxon stock from which the Yankee springs will in the end be the means of carrying him successfully through the struggle. It seems too equally certain that the present state of the U.S. Navy will by no means be sufficient to guarantee it the 'walk over' which its friends are already predicting for it."

The Lost Provinces.

HOW VANSITTART CAME BACK TO FRANCE.

A SEQUEL TO "AN AMERICAN EMPEROR."

By Louis Tracy.

CHAPTER XXIX. (continued).

He went outside. In the next building, where his personal staff were wont to assemble, there was a forgotten sentry on duty.

The man was a chasseur of the 18th, our old friend Pierre Laronde, whose promised promotion had been forgotten in the rush of events since the memorable ride of the Five Thousand. He presented arms when he recognised Vansittart in the gloom.

"Where are all the officers of the staff, soldier?" said the millionaire.

"Gone off to the picnic at La Chapelle, your Excellency."

"Have they all gone?"

"Well, your Excellency, General le Breton was here until half-an-hour ago. I reminded him of my promised commission, and he went too."

"Why was your commission promised?"

"Because I cut the wires that night at Longuyn."

"Is your name Pierre Laronde?"

"It is, your Excellency."

"I remember now."

He dashed into the house and hastily scribbled imperative commands to the respective brigadiers.

When these were dispatched he bethought himself of Daubisson, and he wrote the following note:

Headquarters, Gravelotte, 10 p.m.

Delighted to hear of your success, but have good reason to believe that Kreuznach's march is a feint. The Emperor will probably attack our front in force to-night. Come to me here with whole staff at once, but first send out orders for immediate concentration of all available troops on Mars La Tour. Leave corps of observation only to look after Kreuznach. Guns and cavalry must be massed in rear of infantry, ready to move with daylight. I have already dealt with brigades mentioned in your second dispatch. I look to you for implicit obedience, irrespective of any conditions that may have arisen since your last communication with me.

JEROME K. VANSITTART.

"Laronde," he said. "Here is your first mission as captain of my staff. See that it is well performed."

Pierre Laronde required no second bidding. Daubisson was six miles away, with difficult country intervening, but within thirty minutes he was in possession of Vansittart's message.

Shortly before midnight Daubisson arrived. His unfeigned joy at Vansittart's reappearance on the active list dispelled the last shade of resentment in Jerome's mind at the apparent neglect shown to him by his associates.

Daubisson eagerly detailed the steps he had taken to fulfil Vansittart's orders, and concluded by saying:

"Perhaps we may have to attack Kreuznach to-morrow, after all."

Before the other could answer, a sudden roar of musketry came through the still night air from the direction of Metz.

It was sharp and continuous, betokening a very lively affray at the French outposts. Even as they listened the fighting area widened, until the crackle of small arms spread through an extended section of the front.

Daubisson was as impulsive as he was brave. Tears came to his eyes as he realised the frightful nature of the error in which he nearly involved the whole of the magnificent army under his command. He came near to Jerome and said, in a voice deep with emotion:

"Monsieur, if you retain my services I shall perhaps learn something of generalship by the close of the war."

"General," cried Vansittart, "one cannot have all the virtues. Believe me, I depend wholly upon your splendid co-operation."

But if Daubisson's mistake had been seen in time, it still required to be rectified.

At several points the French front was rapidly driven in before reinforcements could arrive. Le Breton's brigade, strengthened by two others hurried up from the rear, was able to hold back the assault delivered from Metz along the main road. But it was a fierce and uncertain combat, in which small knots of men sought out their enemies in the darkness, and fought with equal ferocity and determination.

Three-quarters of a mile further north, where the French line was weaker, the German advance was rapid and unchecked.

The watchers in Gravelotte were able to discern the progress of this attack by the gradual approach of the sounds of combat. Although several staff-officers had been sent flying to bring up regiments from the rear, there was no appreciable pause in the enemy's advance.

Matters began to look serious about one o'clock.

At this moment Pierre Laronde growled to himself:

"I must back my luck, even if I get snubbed."

He came to Vansittart and said:

"I think, sir, I could lead a couple of squadrons of chasseurs across country and take the Germans in flank if you will permit it."

"Very well. Try it, captain."

"Major, sir, if you please. General Daubisson gave me a step for bringing your dispatch."

"Did he? I agree with him. If you dispel that column you return a colonel."

Montaloy found the troops for Laronde, and they clanked off along a lane. But they soon quitted the high

road and made for a tree-crowned hill beyond which the conflict raged.

Laronde knew quite well that with two hundred sabres he could do little against a compact German division of eight or ten thousand infantry. He counted wholly upon surprising the enemy and creating a panic, thus giving the French infantry a chance to rush the Germans at the point of the bayonet.

Pierre's lucky star was certainly in the ascendant that night. He and his comrades came upon the second German brigade at the moment it was deploying to support the fighting line. Some farm buildings gave the chasseurs splendid cover until they were right in the midst of the Prussian regiment, and in a few seconds the orderly and compact mass became a torrent of disorganised humanity, fleeing in abject terror before the furious charge made by the chasseurs.

Fighting by night is an eerie and ticklish business at the best. The awesome effect of the mounted arm is magnified tenfold when maddened horses thunder from out the darkness. Nor had Laronde forgotten to send a trooper to the commander of the French infantry to inform him of the expected charge, so that he might take advantage of it if successful.

In fifteen minutes one at least of the German columns was shattered into atoms, its officers and men urged in hopeless rout, its leaders stampeded by their own troops, and its fragments rushing wildly to Metz for safety.

So Pierre got his colonelcy with comparative ease, though none marvelled at his good fortune more than he did himself.

CHAPTER XXX.

WHAT HAPPENED IN PARIS.

THE struggle went on through the night with no very certain results.

Three of the eight columns launched by the Kaiser made good their lodgement on the left bank of the Moselle—those operating on the north, where they were supported by Kreuznach's strong corps.

When day broke, the French left and centre had been swung back, with the result that the French line now formed a crescent, of which the left rested near Verdun on the Meuse, the centre lay at Gravelotte, and the right touched the Moselle six miles south of Metz.

So great was the confusion in both armies that it was absolutely impossible for either the Kaiser or Vansittart to attempt an extensive battle.

In this uncertainty commanders of divisions simply held their respective positions until further orders were issued. Wilhelm seized the opportunity to hurry up reinforcements to his new centre by way of Diedenhofen, and Vansittart consolidated his own array by bringing all the available troops from Nancy and Bar le Duc.

All this took time. Though both men chafed under the delay, it would have been folly and useless loss to undertake a number of small isolated engagements over a wide expanse of country. So the armies halted within striking distance of each other during the whole day.

Clanking to and fro over the stone floor of a room in the Hotel de Ville at Metz, the Emperor of Germany listened attentively to the statements made to him by various members of his staff.

The dogged persistence of Kreuznach's division in reaching and holding La Chapelle, followed by the rapid march of the German columns to the new front on the Meuse, constituted the first real German success of the war.

It did not mean much. It was chiefly a tactical advantage, but it was hard to see how best to utilise it. The Kaiser's heart had been set upon driving the leaderless French army before him into the Meuse, and he would have accomplished his desire had not Vansittart so suddenly and effectually checked him.

Without being quite sure of the fact Wilhelm felt that his redoubtable opponent had again resumed control of the French, and in his rage at the failure of his pet scheme he railed at himself for his absurd generosity in endowing his enemy with fresh life.

So the Imperial staff was more elated with the present phase of the struggle than the Emperor himself, and it was with clouded brow—though intently enough—that the chief heard the lucid reports of his splendid Intelligence Department.

Suddenly an aide-de-camp entered.

"A man without, your Majesty, who says his name is Hans Schwartz, asks audience of your Majesty. He says he is in possession of most important intelligence affecting your Majesty's interests vitally."

The Emperor paused in his walk. "Show him in," he said.

In a moment, Hans Schwartz, pallid, unkempt, but confident as ever in demeanour, entered.

"Well, you rascal, what is it?" The Emperor's tone was such that few men would have dared to face him boldly. But Hans Schwartz, what between the pain of his shattered wrist and the collapse of his projects, was in desperate plight.

"I have news for you Majesty's ear alone," he said, glancing defiantly around at the officers scattered through the apartment.

"Of what nature?"

"I am Hans Schwartz, who helped Ritterburg to capture Madame Vansittart. I—"

"You villain! Seize him, someone, and have him shot at daylight with his associate."

Several officers sprang forward, but Schwartz stood his ground.

"I tell you," he shouted, "that I can enable you to conquer France fairly in the open field within a week. Can you not listen to me? You can always have me shot at your pleasure!"

The man's determined attitude, his contempt for danger, and the earnestness of his tone impressed the Kaiser if they did not convince him.

"Quite true," he said, with a sarcastic smile. "Leave me with this fellow, gentlemen, and have a guard in readiness to march him off."

General von Gossler protested. There might be danger to the imperial person. Though the Emperor laughed at the idea the chief of the staff carefully searched Schwartz for concealed weapons before he was satisfied. Then he left the two alone.

"I have kept up communication with Paris by means of my pigeons," said Schwartz, "and even when the French police seized the house where some German friends were established, they did not discover that my birds were trained in two sections, to fly to and from two places in Paris to my house near Gravelotte."

"Yes," growled the Emperor.

"I was wounded in a scuffle at this house, captured, held prisoner for some days, and escaped during the excitement following Madame Vansittart's arrival at Gravelotte, and the attack by your Majesty's troops. I hid all night and to-day in the wood on my farm, and to-night visited my forgotten birds. One of them had just arrived from Paris, and it bore a message written in a cipher which I alone understand."

"Ha!" Wilhelm was obviously interested.

"It contains news which all the world will know in three days, but which may be worth much more than I have asked to your Majesty at this moment."

"Let us have it, then."

"An absolutely overwhelming communist movement has been organised. Within three days, perhaps sooner, there will be a general rising; the city will be sacked, the King and Queen driven from Paris, if not killed, and a republican government proclaimed, with leaders anxious and ready to make peace with you on very favourable terms."

"Gott in Himmel!" roared the Kaiser. "Can you prove this?"

"Beyond a shadow of doubt. Here is the cipher. I will explain it to you."

Schwartz produced a scrap of flimsy paper and read a message, of which his explanation to the Emperor was an accurate summary.

"But how am I to know that this is reliable? Who are your authorities for the statements made? They are almost incredible without substantiation."

"I am faint," said Schwartz, sinking into a chair. "Give me some wine and a morsel of food, and I will tell you everything. My wound has weakened me, and the difficulty of crossing the French lines has quite exhausted me."

So within a few minutes of ordering him to be shot, the Emperor was waiting on Schwartz, and helping him to such eatables as were in the room.

Whilst the spy ate and drank he talked, and the Emperor listened.

Half-an-hour did the wondering staff remain in the ante-room before the Kaiser called them, and there was an eagerness in his manner, a settled purpose in his words, that had long been absent from the Imperial methods and utterances.

"With our present troops between here and Verdun we can keep the French fast in their new position?" he said to Von Gossler.

"I think so, sire."

"Zounds, man, can we do it?"

"Yes!"

"Then why qualify your answer?"

The general was nettled at this rating before the other officers, so he answered warmly: "Because I never know what we can do with such a firebrand as Vansittart in front of us, and people say he is all right again now."

"Well, well. Surely it is impossible for the French to dialogue us if we simply resolve to stand fast and entrench ourselves."

"Oh, yes, I am sure of that."

"Good. We have 150,000 reservists gathering at Diedenhofen?"

"Yes."

"They are now all mobilised, and completely equipped for the field?"

"Fully. They are under orders to march to-morrow at daylight."

"Then send additional instructions that they are to take the shortest route to Paris."

"To Paris, your Majesty!"

"Yes, I said Paris, not Berlin."

"Who will lead them?"

"I, myself. I will issue a proclamation from the French capital within a fortnight, as my march will be positively unopposed. But above all else, you and Kreuznach must hold Vansittart fast on this bank of the Meuse. If he retreats, attack him. Do not leave him night or day. It is matterless what happens so long as he is unable to bring a large body of troops to Paris before I do."

Wilhelm had got his opportunity, and he was not slow to take it.

(To be continued.)

FIRST R.A.: "If you want to get fine skies, my boy, you ought to go to Poland. That the place for skies."

SECOND R.A.: "Quite right. There's Dubroski, Canioski, Krowinski, and, above all, cask-o'-whisk-ski."

PRETTY CASHIER: "You must give me a holiday to recruit my health. My beauty is beginning to fade."

Manager: "Why do you think so?"

Pretty Cashier: "The men are beginning to count their change."

IF YOU HAVE anything you want to sell, or if there is anything you want cheap, try a sixpenny advertisement in "Our Bargain Counter" in the ATHLETIC RECORD.

THE TWO FIGHTERS.

Startling Figures Concerning the Labour Market of Each Country.

WAR is all very well in its way for some things, but it has its drawbacks. If it be true that the great propelling influence of the world in all its phases is money, the making and spending of it, it is inexplicable why nations in these times should go out of their way to bring about complex situations in international politics—riddles that can only be solved at an enormous cost at the point of the bayonet or by the cracking of shot and shell.

THE SPANISH "RESERVE" MAN.



This represents him in receipt of his pay in time of war—

—while this shows him in receipt of his full weekly wage in time of peace.

Think of it! Set aside the fearful loss of life and destruction to property, and overlook the sad consequences, appalling to a degree, that these features of a modern war bring in their trend, and turn your attention, now that the Hispano-American struggle has

legun, to the pounds, shillings, and pence side of the question.

Apart from the great cost that must be met to carry on the campaign in the supply of war material and the hundred and one other war channels demanding money, and the mischief done to trade, the throttling of international commerce, the disastrous effect on the money market, the paralysing of the industrial labour market alone is a serious matter, affecting not only the combatant countries, but other European nations as well, because the story of the war will be repeated in the decreased figures representing international trade returns in their imports and exports—that is, if the war is prolonged.

CUBA.

It is not what Cuba is worth at present; the question is what she might be worth if she were governed better. Dissect the island, and you will find she produces tobacco (Havana is a rich tobacco market), sugar, and coffee. Cuba's last official returns show her

Imports ...	£11,400,000=£220,000 per week.
Exports ...	£18,000,000=£350,000 per week.

As a nation's export figures show her internal thrift and industry, we will figure out Cuba's. Including the Creoles, mulattoes, negroes, and Spaniards, the population of Cuba is 1,600,000, so that the amount of her exports comes out at 4s. 9d. per head of the population.

THE U.S. "VOLUNTEER."

That is very poor. Should Cuba ever become the property of the United States, either by force of arms or by consent, it is more than likely that this low average would be doubled in little time, as America has the capital to do it with, whereas Spain has not.

Great Britain may well be sympathetic with America and Cuba; we have large money interests in the island. The great cigar firm of Henry Olay is owned by a London company, two of the leading railways are run by British enterprise directed from the City of London, while the principal submarine telegraph company belongs to a syndicate of our countrymen.

To revert to the actual field of war. Many doubtful forecasts of the war have been given in our contemporaries, and wrong figures shown comparing the strength of the rival forces. Assuming that the war lasts six months, and that 1,000,000 men, comprising the full complement of both fighting armies, are more or less directly or indirectly engaged in hostilities, and basing calculations on the estimates given to P.W. by



This represents him in receipt of his pay in time of war—

—while this shows him in receipt of his full weekly wage in time of peace.

the ambassadorial representatives of Spain and of the United States as to the relative percentage of "civilians" on the one hand and "reserves" on the other, which may be put down at 75 per cent. at a fair average—that is to say, men now fighting who in time of peace would be following their industrial occupations—what amount of labour and its relative value in money will thus be lost?

You know the strength of the U.S. regular army and navy; at the most, it is not 36,000. Now, when you come to consider the fact that, according to the American ambassadorial statement to P.W., no fewer than 10,000,000 citizens are liable to be enrolled in the militia in time of war, the calling up of 700,000 volunteers would be a very easy matter; so our 1,000,000 is not far-fetched.

Who are the men composing such an army as this? They are drawn mostly from the artisan classes, with a fair sprinkling of clerks, assistants, and professional men. The artisans would be journeymen.

	£	s.	d.
Bricklayers receiving an average weekly wage of 15dols.	15	3	6
Painters " " " "	15	3	6
Joiners " " " "	17	3	10
Plumbers " " " "	16	3	6
Stonemasons " " " "	20	4	8
Upholsterers " " " "	15	3	6
Printers " " " "	18	3	15
Cyclemakers " " " "	16	3	6
Engineers " " " "	20	4	3
Wheelwrights " " " "	17	3	10
Tailors " " " "	18	3	15

(Not counting overtime.)

Thus it will be seen that the average rate of wage received by the artisans of America—including those in receipt of a lower rate of pay—is about 15 dollars a week. Food, clothing, rent, and taxes are relatively as high in

U.S. LABOUR LOSS IN TIME OF WAR.



This bale shows loss in National labour for one month.



This bale represents loss of capital relative to labour for the same period.

America. As regards "professional" men (that is, men not artisans) the ratio is about 1 in 7, thus leaving us 600,000 to deal with. Here they are:

FOR ONE WEEK—	600,000 at \$15=\$9,000,000=£1,800,000.
FOR SIX MONTHS=26 WEEKS—	600,000 at \$15=\$9,000,000 x 26=\$234,000,000=£46,800,000
ADD—	100,000 at \$20=\$2,000,000=£400,000
FOR SIX MONTHS=26 WEEKS—	100,000 at \$20=\$2,000,000 x 26=\$52,000,000
	Equal to £10,400,000.
ADD TOGETHER—	£46,800,000
	£10,400,000
Representing American labour market loss.	£57,200,000

Now, these 700,000 American volunteers receive during war time the pay of the regular U.S. soldier, viz., 13 dollars a month.

THUS—	700,000 at \$13 for 1 month=\$9,100,000=£1,820,000.
FOR SIX MONTHS—	700,000 at \$13=\$9,100,000 x 6=\$54,600,000=£10,920,000
THEN—	£57,200,000
	£10,920,000
Net loss on the U.S. labour market	£46,280,000

Strictly speaking, we ought to work upon a basis of 720,000 men, allowing the remaining balance to stand for the U.S. regulars (army and navy), but we throw the 20,000 in with the latter, so that instead of over-rating the actual loss in labour we are, if anything, under-rating it.

The balance of 250,000 men we credit Spain with. These are her "reserves," men who are really her soldiers, although they have served the allotted number of years in the ranks and are now allowed out to earn their own living. They belong to the inactive army.

Spain could put 1,000,000 men in the field in a short time if necessary, but accepting the ambassadorial statement that as Spain is some 3,000 miles away from the scene

SPAIN'S LABOUR LOSS IN TIME OF WAR.



This represents Spain's labour loss for one month—

—while this illustrates Spain's loss of capital relative to labour for the same period.

of action the transport of more than 250,000 men, in addition to the regulars, would entail a fabulous amount of money, our estimate is correct.

Money is cheap in Spain, so following the list of trades as already given under America we are enabled to state that the average weekly wage of the Spanish artisan is about 45 pesetas (one peseta=10d.) Food, clothing, rent, and taxes are relatively as cheap.

THUS FOR ONE WEEK—

250,000 at 45 pesetas=11,250,000 pesetas=£468,750.

FOR SIX MONTHS=26 WEEKS—

250,000 at 45 pesetas=11,250,000 pesetas x 26=292,500,000 pesetas=£12,187,500.

Now the pay of the Spanish soldier is 1 peseta per diem.

THUS FOR ONE MONTH—

250,000 soldiers receiving 30 ps.=7,500,000=£312,500.

FOR SIX MONTHS—

250,000 at 30 ps.=7,500,000 x 6=45,000,000=£1,875,000.

THEN—

£12,187,500

£1,875,000

Spain's net loss on labour £10,312,500

LOSS OF LABOUR FOR BOTH COUNTRIES (GROSS).

United States ...	£57,200,000
Spain ...	£12,187,500
Total ...	£69,387,500

A joint loss of nearly £70,000,000 must cripple the two combatant countries for some time to come, if the war lasts six months. It stands at nearly £12,000,000 per month. This represents actual loss on the national industry of the two fighting countries, for in the absence of products dependent upon labour, capital can neither buy nor sell; in other words, our figures show a falling off in money earnings jointly affecting master and man to the extent of nearly £70,000,000.

The individual loss to each U.S. volunteer is £2 8s. per week.

The individual loss to each Spanish reserve man is £1 11s. 8d. per week.

TAKE A TRIP TO

PARIS for - - - - - £2 12s. 6d.
Or BRUSSELS and WATERLOO for - £2 0s. 0d

The great success of our trips to Paris throughout the summer months of last year has led us to enter into arrangements with Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son to repeat the scheme during the coming summer. Leaving London on Friday night, from London Bridge or Victoria, travelling via Newhaven and Dieppe to Paris, passengers will arrive there on Saturday morning. Breakfast, dinner, and bed will be provided on Saturday and Sunday, and breakfast and dinner on Monday, visitors returning Monday night, and arriving in London on Tuesday morning.

All applications for tickets must be made to this office, stating the date for which they are required, and enclosing the necessary amount in postal orders.

SPECIAL arrangements have been made with Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son for another attractive tour for readers of P.W. This tour will occupy three days. Starting from London (say) on Friday night, the tourists will travel by Harwich and Antwerp to Brussels. From here an excursion will be made to the scene of the Battle of Waterloo.

All applications for tickets must be made to this office, stating the date for which they are required, and enclosing £3 in postal orders. The above figures are for third class only. Full particulars on the subject can be had from this office.

People Paid to Mourn.

If a deceased Roman had not a large assortment of female relatives to weep for him, female mourners were hired to attend to that part of the business, and gradually they acquired a monopoly.

Their fees depended on their service. If they simply followed the bier in silence they received about two-pence; if they were required to weep their fee was three-pence; shrieking and loud outcries or lamentations, together with tearing the hair, beating the breast and other signs of extreme grief, cost the relatives seven-pence for each industrious mourner.

At the funeral of Titus there were 1,500 of these professionals employed, all at the highest rates.

Worse than a Bullet.

A CIVIL word is the cheapest thing in the world. The story has been told of a young lady who abruptly turned a corner and very rudely ran against a boy who was ragged, small, and freckled. Stopping as soon as she could, she turned to him and said:

"I beg your pardon; indeed I am sorry."

The small ragged and freckled boy looked up in blank amazement for an instant, then taking off about three-fourths of a cap, bowed very low, smiled until his face was beaming, and answered:

"You kin hev my parding, and welcome, miss; and yer may run ag'in me and knock me clean down and I won't say a word."

After the young lady passed on, he turned to a comrade and said, half apologetically:

"I never had anyone ask my parding, and it kind o' took me off my feet."

To Amuse their Guests.

THE news that Mr. Alfred de Rothschild is laying down a private cycling-track, six, six laps to the mile, directly opposite his residence, near Tring, calls to mind other equally elaborate country house attractions.

A miniature steepslope course round his grounds was a hobby with a well-known Irish nobleman. Hedges and a water jump were duly provided, and a capital view could be had from a little model grand stand.

Some years ago there was a great craze for the erection of swimming baths, both open and covered, in rural mansions. One such, being of very large size, was used as a skating rink when empty, the floor being of hard smooth concrete.

In France several wealthy people run a small amateur circus at their country seats. There is a proper sawdust ring, and every guest is expected to do something towards the amusing of the company, even if it be a little bit of clowning. The country people are often admitted to see these shows, which they much appreciate.

Many houses boast menageries of considerable extent, and quite a number of lions and tigers and so forth are to be found in these private collections; not to mention a great number of other animals.

In an enormous glass-house filled with lofty palms one gentleman has flocks of parrots, paroquets, and other birds, comparatively at liberty. Double doors prevent their escape when visitors come and go; and the scene inside resembles a little corner in a tropical jungle.

At one time a maze was a very popular country house attraction, and at least one individual regularly followed the calling of a maze constructor. Many of these ingenious and baffling arrangements are still in existence.

Not a few big houses boast switchback railways; and there is one with a sort of toboggan waterfall, a long narrow covered toboggan having been constructed on a sharp slope beside a river, down which the guests, seated in a boat, enjoy a rush of a hundred yards.

AN EMPTY COMPLIMENT.—Willy Wilt: "That new restaurant is on a fairly magnificent scale."

Young Chaseham: "How so?"

Willy Wilt: "Four tables for every customer."

JOHNNY: "Please, pa, let me have a shilling to give to a poor, lame man?"

Pa: "Who is the poor, lame man, Johnny?"

Johnny: "Er—well, pa, he's the man who sells tickets at the menagerie."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—Magistrate: "You say you found this man wandering about the graveyard last night? Why do you think he intended robbing the vault?"

Constable: "Because I found skeleton keys in his pocket, yer worship."

M. A. P.

TOWN V. COUNTRY
CRIMINALS.

THIS ARTICLE IS WRITTEN BY

A WELL-KNOWN BARRISTER.

ALTHOUGH we are constantly assured that the inroad of the agricultural labourer, and the cheap excursion, has removed most of the physiological differences which formerly separated town dwellers from their country cousins, the fact remains that criminally speaking, at all events, the provincial offender bears but little resemblance to his London prototype.

A term of penal servitude, for instance, which would severely try the stamina of most town bred rogues, leaving them worn, aged, pale, and thin, has just the opposite effect on the countryman.

Mentally, the differences are still greater. I remember a healthy good-looking rustic listening quite unmoved to the piling up of evidence which went to show that he had tried to poison his wife's father for the bit of money he possessed.

He even maintained his air of stolid indifference as he left the dock, after being found not guilty. But when a friend approached and undid a parcel a broad grin of delight spread over his features. The next moment he was devouring sausage rolls as if nothing had happened. Fancy an acquitted London would-be murderer eating sausage rolls!

Female burglars are, so the police inform me, practically unknown in London. I have come across more than one in the country.

The most recent instance was a pretty, innocent looking, confiding girl, who, during the day, led such a life of exemplary goodness that she was worshipped by her parents and respected by all the neighbours. Yet this young person, who entered the dock with such a look of sweet resignation was really a most cunning and desperate burglar.

Her method was to get a locksmith to manufacture her duplicate keys of the locks in her friends' houses, and then during the night when opportunity served, convey to an attic in her father's house such articles as she could carry away.

Her dislike to being interfered with in the pursuit of plunder was shown in the murderous attack she made with a policeman's truncheon on a tradesman, who caught her leaving his house one night laden with valuables.

She was only prevented from killing him outright by the appearance of his wife. If the case had been a London one, she would almost certainly have had either accomplices or a lover.

This girl had neither. She seemed infinitely amused at the stupefied looks with which her friends regarded her, and even after being sentenced to twelve months' hard labour, she nodded cheerfully to her broken-hearted parents, smiled sweetly at the judge, and tripped below.

The pure country air gives many provincial thieves great advantages; ruddy-cheeked and healthy-looking, the mean and shifty expression so greatly characteristic of their London brethren is largely absent.

The country masher is frequently a much more dangerous person than his London rival.

A few years since a fashionably dressed and aristocratic-looking young gentleman, whose deportment—although hailing from a purely pastoral district—had all the insolence of a Pall Mall swell, was charged by no fewer than four ladies with having committed bigamy, and six landladies with stealing articles from his lodgings.

Talk about country virtue and city vice! This Lothario actually urged in mitigation of his conduct "that he had to desert his first wife because he could not afford to keep her, and that he only married his second to prevent her falling a victim to another fellow who was not a gentleman."

"I have never married," he theatrically declared, "unless I was short of money, and I always took my bride to a furnished house instead of lodgings whenever I was able."

And then another curious feature of Assez life revealed itself. All the deceived ladies seemed to regard the prisoner with profound admiration. One declaring that "no woman could have had a kinder husband, for when his funds were exhausted he actually pawned his watch to pay my fare home."

The air of stolidity so characteristic of Assez Courts is sometimes broken by cases in which all the parties concerned giggle throughout the proceedings. A case occurs to me in which the prosecutrix, a young lady, giggled incessantly as she described how her young man accidentally shot her in the hand whilst reviling her for encouraging the attentions of another gentleman.

"How do you know the prisoner did it accidentally," said his lordship, sternly.

"Because," she replied, giggling more than ever, "he has promised to marry me at once if you let him off. It must have been an accident else why should he wish to make me his wife?"

M. A. P.

Why Chinese Noses are Flat.

AMONG the many millions of China there is a practice which seems to have a curious result. The mother carries her infant in a kind of bag or pannier on her back, and not—as in other countries where the dorsal carriage is affected—with the face turned outwards, but, as probably we ought to expect in China, where everything seems to go and come by the rule of contraries—with the face turned inwards.

The result of that is that the baby's nose is of necessity pressed against its mother's back, whence, no doubt, has been evolved in the course of ages, the peculiarly flattened or blunted nose characteristic of the Chinaman.

What English Means.

Mrs. Smith: "What are you reading, John?"

Mr. Smith: "I am reading Herbert Spencer's 'Principles of Biology.'"

Mrs. Smith: "Why—what—what's that, John?"

Mr. Smith: "Herbert Spencer's Biology. Let me read you an extract—his definition of life. Listen. 'It consists of the definite combination of heterogeneous changes, but simultaneous and successive, in combination with external co-existences and sequences.'"

"Why, John, what in the world is the man talking about?"

"I am astonished at you, Jane. Why, this is the work of the great English scientist."

"Yes, I know; but what is he writing about?"

"He is defining life, I told you. What did you suppose he was writing about?"

"Good gracious! I thought he was trying to get a patent on a clothes horse."

Married on the Strength of Bumps.

SCIENTIFIC men and the New Woman have for some time been uniting in preaching the gospel that our marriages are all wrong and that something far more logical and beneficial for the human race than mere love should guide men and women in selecting their partners for life.

At last the inevitable preaching has had its result and a club has been formed for the purpose of marrying on purely scientific principles. Happily, or unhappily, for us, as people choose to regard it, this club, which is called "The Human Nature Club," does not have its being on our side of the Atlantic, but in Chicago.

Although only just started, it has certainly achieved a brilliant record; for already six pairs of its members have become engaged.

The principles governing the club are based on phrenology, and its president is a professional phrenologist. For one theory of the club is that by means of this science the temperaments of the members can be accurately gauged and each can become thoroughly acquainted with the other.

The people who are declared suitable for marriage should possess five points of equality and five points of difference. The five points of equality are intellectual, moral, social, aesthetic, and qualitative; while the five points in which they should differ are temperamentally, lineally, complexionally, selfishly, and nationally.

Upon the proper adherence of these principles the members believe that marriage can be arranged with a certainty of both health and happiness. Under these circumstances it would be well if in every city, town, village, and community throughout the world "Human Nature Clubs" could be started and made the basis on which all life was conducted, for physicians tell us there is far too little health in the world, and most of us know that there is not nearly enough happiness to go round.

Mrs. Dix: "I was ashamed of you, Ephraim, to see you dust the chair you sat on at Mrs. Henshaw's. I saw her little boy watching you."

Dix: "I saw him, too. I'm too old a fish to be caught on a bent pin."

Mrs. Jenkins: "I see Mrs. Hoetong is going to have King Lear at her next private theatricals."

Mrs. Newrich (furious with envy): "Is she, the affected thing? Do you know, I don't believe he's a real king at all."

He: "Did you tell your father that I would kill myself if I couldn't have you?"

She: "Yes."

He: "And what did he say?"

She: "He said that settled it. You couldn't have me."

M. A. P.

Contraband of War,

By M. P. SHIEL,

Author of "The Man Stealers," "Prince Zaleski," "Empress of the Earth," etc., etc.

SUMMARY.

DICK P. HOCKING is one of the most successful speculators in America. His only dangerous enemy, in business is one Immanuel Appadacca, who uses José Campos as his dummy in all transactions. Appadacca builds a composite yacht named the *Huelva*. The movements of this boat are mysterious, and unknown to everybody except the owner and the crew. At the hour of the blowing up of the Maine, she lay, without her master, in a creek outside Havana Harbour, and half an hour after the explosion she steamed away. A certain piece of land on the Guiana-Venezuela frontier is to be offered for sale, and Campos receives instructions from Appadacca to make a private offer. Hocking gets wind of this, and decides to outbid his rival. On the day of the sale the bidding runs up from seven million to twelve million pesos, Appadacca making the last bid.

CHAPTER II. (continued).

IMMANUEL APPADACCA.

"I OFFER thirteen million pesos," said Dick P. Hocking. Appadacca turned over the leaves of paper in his hand. There was a pause. He frowned a little. He said: "Fourteen."

"I offer fifteen million pesos," said the emphatic, self-sure, gross voice of Hocking. With every bid his stuck-out right leg seemed to lift a little, and his huge body to come an inch more forward.

There was a pause again. "Fifteen million pesos," said the auctioneer—"fifteen million. Is there no *savante*?"

Appadacca was very closely examining his leaves of paper now. His head bent over them. An eight-sided clock, hanging by a ring on the board partition, ticked half a minute—a minute.

"Sixteen," came from Appadacca's lips. "I offer seventeen million pesos," said Dick P. Hocking, heaving his mountain of flesh yet an inch nearer.

These were huge figures. The roomful of people were on the very tip-toes of excitement. Spain and America were on the point of war: and here, they had a sort of idea, were Spain and America ominously fighting out the big warfare in little, just as the old kings used to decide the issue between two armies by the single combat of two chosen champions.

Which would win—ugly, strong, nineteenth-century, Saxon Dick P. Hocking, with his encroaching, ponderous right leg—or picturesque, dainty, small-handed, Latin Immanuel Appadacca, turning the leaves of his papers with the air of a medieval student of Salamanca?

Certainly, Hocking, seemed the favourite of the gods. Appadacca was looking too closely at his papers. Was he not hesitating?

"Seventeen million—going at seventeen—" "Eighteen," said Appadacca.

Down came Hocking's leg an inch nearer. "I bid nineteen million pesos for this property," he said.

And as he said it, Appadacca smiled. He made a sign to the auctioneer that the bidding was not over, and at once he stepped up to old Calvos, the head of the selling firm.

"You, I think, are Señor Calvos," said Appadacca, not even careful to lower his voice to a pitch inaudible to Hocking and the others near.

"Yes, Señor," said Calvos. "Then I can speak to you,"—and he smiled with ineffable condescension. "The parcel of land which you are selling is my whim to possess. I have now, however, it seems, bid my entire fortune; securities, *chateaux*, *bric-à-brac*, even the value of my horses. There is nothing left, señor! Except one thing—my yacht, the *Huelva*. I offer to bid two million pesos more, on the understanding that you accept the *Huelva* at that sum, should no higher bid be made."

"But—Señor—the *Huelva* is—on the rocks!" "She is afloat, Señor." "She is wrecked!" "She is now steaming toward Caracas at the rate of twenty-seven knots an hour, Señor." "Can you believe that, Señor?" "Yes, Señor." "But have you not, then, heard the report?" "Ah, yes—the report. The report is not a true report. The report has been spread abroad by that person, for his own purposes."

He barely indicated Hocking with his head. Dick P. Hocking was like stolid wood, waiting: "So you believe the *Huelva* is afloat?" "Yes."

"But with what motive could anyone—?" "You are not so simple, Señor! With this motive: that, in case I should be compelled to offer her as a bid, the amount of my bid might be as low as possible, since I should be bidding a *rich*."

"Is not the *Huelva*, then, insured?" "No, Señor."

"Well, suppose I accept your offer, Señor!—say two million pesos."

"You will do well, Señor. She cost fifteen millions. She is worth fifty. And she should be steaming into Caracas at this moment—she is, in fact."

"Well—it is agreed. You have the papers with you? And you will hand them over immediately, if the bidding falls to you?"

"Precisely so."

"And there are no tedious formalities? The *Huelva* will be ours on the spot? The papers are duly regular?"

"There are no formalities. She will be yours—as far as she can be anyone's other than myself, Señor."

"What does that mean, Señor?"

"It would be long to explain, Señor." He smiled. "May I now bid? I bid—"

Before he could name the figure, there arose a bustle, a pressure, and a murmur at the door; and a moment after the whole crowd of loiterers broke into involuntary cheering. Two idlers of the town had come running with the news that the *Huelva* had just dropped anchor in the bay.

For three minutes nothing could be done. The room was a babel of tongues.

Dick P. Hocking shifted his quarter-ton weight from one leg to the other. He was embarrassed.

That Appadacca would now part with his ship for two million pesos, was not to be expected. So far, the Yankee's scheme had failed.

Old Calvos' face wore a look of dogged shame-facedness. "So much the better for you, Señor," he said to Appadacca. "The *Huelva*, then, is here."

"You said, Señor—?" "So much the better for you."

"Really? How? I do not see your meaning."

"You will now, of course, demand more—oh, I do not blame you!"

Appadacca's lip assumed the faintest curve of contempt. "I demand nothing, Señor. I had already arranged."

"Oh—ahem—well—that is only what one would expect from a gentleman. Yes. You adhere, then—?"

"Yes. May I now bid? I bid—twenty-one million pesos."

Then there was silence. The auctioneer looked at Hocking. Hocking looked at the ground. With an arm the size of most legs he made a slight deprecatory wave. The hammer came down.

The land was Appadacca's. But the ship was Hocking's!

For, half-an-hour after Appadacca had handed the title-deeds to Calvos, Calvos handed them to Hocking, receiving in return a cheque for ten million pesos, and thus clearing eight millions by the deal.

Dick P. Hocking stood for an hour at the very end of a small jetty projecting into the bay, and his hands bulged out his pockets. Not once did his gaze shift from the *Huelva*, lying there like a painted ship upon a painted ocean. She seemed to him like a doe the moment before it starts, afrighted, into running—and she was his!

He shook his head sideward at her as he turned to leave the jetty; and he said: "I guess you are the kind of hotel that will put up Dick P. Hocking to-night, my girl."

At seven he was sitting at a gleaming oval table made of walrus-tusk arabesqued in ebony in the cabin of the *Huelva*.

Mun after man of the crew, one by one, two hundred and eleven, came up to him as he sat there; and from a hand-bag crammed with Venezuelan gold-pieces he paid them off, adding a month's salary in lieu of notice. He possessed at times a certain large generosity which even his enemies could not deny him; and till eleven in the night he was engaged in this task. Then, weary, he was led down three corridors to Appadacca's chamber; he turned on the azure-blue jets of electric light; he undressed himself; he drew on a suit of voluminous silk pyjamas that would have fitted an elephant; and he threw himself on the most luxurious bed of which he had ever dreamed.

One by one he had warned the crew that by nine, at the latest, the next morning they must have left the *Huelva* to their successors.

At the moment when Dick P. Hocking began to snore with the vibratory resonance of a trombone, Immanuel Appadacca, ten miles away, with soft-felt Tunisian slippers, gold-embroidered, on his feet, softly opened a door. He had in his right hand a flat antique-looking gold candlestick, and to the shade of crimson silk which mellowed the light he added the shade of his left hand.

In an alcove, concealed by tapestries of black and crimson velvet, was a bed. Appadacca laid the candlestick upon an ottoman, and with exquisite caution, drew aside the draperies. In the alcove was a bed, and on the bed lay in careless sleep a female.

She was a young girl of seventeen; her bosom was half revealed; her masses of absolutely black hair lay far in vagrant largesse over the bed and pillows. He looked at her a minute; he stooped; he touched her forehead, in the

lightest caress, with his lips. As he did so, he breathed the word: "Good-bye."

And as he turned to move away, he glanced upon the lithe, sleeping form again; and smiled faintly.

"Little Lola," he said. And again he added: "good-bye."

He let the curtains fall together noiselessly behind him, as he passed out; and with the censer in his hand went walking rapidly through the house.

In one chamber he selected a key from a bunch which he carried, and opened a cabinet. From this he took two cylindrical objects of the size and shape of an ordinary ruler.

He then ascended a narrow wooden stair to the flat roof of the castle. It was a luminous tropical night, the vault rich with stars, no moon. Appadacca looked abroad for a few minutes, over the mountains above him, down into the gloom of the still bay. The roadstead of Caracas, on which lay the *Huelva*, was invisible to him.

He had with him a box of coloured fuses, and striking a fuse, he applied the flames to one of the two objects taken from the cabinet. Spouts of bluish sparks began to fizzle and shoot upward; and in another moment, long ribbons of bluish flame went aspiring skyward from his hand, to burst in a cataract of bluish glamour three hundred feet above his head.

He put down the burnt-out rocket, and at once applied a flame to the other. And this time the night was lit up with a vermillion glow, ribbons of vermillion flame, and a bursting cataract of vermillion glamour in the sky.

Having done this, Appadacca, without a moment's delay, descended to the suite of rooms which he occupied in the castle.

And now, for about half-an-hour, he busied himself in collecting papers, a cameo here, a small painting there, an ancient Limoges enamel, a cangiar of Tangiers. These he placed in a portable cabinet, which he locked.

He sounded a gong. A black servant appeared. "Take this to the boat in the bay," said Appadacca, indicating the cabinet.

And as the box left the room, he took from a rack a tiny Venetian stiletto, stuck it in the girdle of silk round his waist, and followed the servant.

They descended the steps out from the rock to where the wavelets splashed languidly on a rough natural landing-place. There, in a highly-polished shallow two men rested on their oars. The stern of the boat touched the rock. The negro deposited in her the box. Appadacca sat down in the stern.

Without a word from him, the oars lifted and touched the water, and the light boat leapt forward.

A quarter of a mile out burned the three very slowly-moving green port, red starboard, and white mast-head lights of a steam-ship. It was the *Huelva*.

As Appadacca stepped upon her deck, he said to her captain: "The course is N. by E., and the speed twenty-eight knots."

At once he disappeared into the cabin.

As the *Huelva* began to skip the waters with the light step of a young *grisette*, he stood by his bed-side meditatively gazing at the great bulk of Dick P. Hocking, who, in spite of the flood of light which now poured upon his face, still slept, and snored.

CHAPTER III.

DICK P. HOCKING LIFTS HIS ARM.

The next day the two nations which had produced these two men were in a state of war.

At three on that day the *Huelva* dropped anchor at Ponce in Puerto Rico.

The First Lieutenant landed, and by the Domingo-Cuba cable-dispatched this message to Señor Sagasta, the Spanish premier:

"Immanuel Appadacca requires letters of marque to use *Huelva* as privateer. Meanwhile will act on authority of Queen. The *Montserrat* will be protected as far as Cienfuegos."

The *Montserrat* was a Spanish transport-ship, which, since April 13th, had left Las Palmas (Canary Islands) with a thousand troops, beside war material, stores, and money for the Spanish forces in Cuba.

And in an hour the *Huelva* left Ponce, where she drained the town of coal, and steered directly west.

In a very small room in her cabin, a room which seemed scarcely big enough to contain him, sat Dick P. Hocking.

An elbow was on a knee, and his fingers supported his forehead. He was very hungry; his throat was dry. He touched an electric button.

Instantly there appeared before him a bowing Chilean rascal, with a number of parti-coloured ribbons round the sombrero which he held in his hand, and high *betas vaqueras* reaching above his knees.

"Well, my lad, I guess you can roll your tongue about a

"The Experiences of an Engaged Couple," telling how they provided for their future home, can give one many a wrinkle. Each number of HOME NOTES contains a chat on this subject.

bit of homset lingo, though I know a bit of yours, too," said Hocking.

"I spoke already to your Excellency last night," said the man in decent English.

"Then, you tell me this: does this man Appadacca mean to starve me on board my own ship?"

"Not at all, your Excellency."

"I don't see much victuals coming along this road, all the same, so far."

"Your Excellency has only to order what you require," said the Chilean, bowing low.

"Oh, I do the ordering, do I? Well, suppose you bring round a good roast chicken, as thick as you like to make it, and a bottle of—have you got any *lachryma Christi* wine?"

"Yes, your Excellency."

"Well, then, say a 'good round capon'—which is poetry—and a bottle of the *lachryma*."

"Yes, your Excellency."

"Then move."

"I wait, your Excellency—"

"I see that. But I do not want you to wait. Why wait?"

"Payment must be made first, your Excellency."

"This is a new sort of hotel, then, I calculate."

"No, your Excellency. But such are my orders. Payment must be made first."

And now, for the first time, some suspicion of what was coming, some dim remembrance of stories of extortion practised by the old buccaners and marooners, the Kidds, and Morgans, and Averys, crossed the brain of Dick P. Hocking. He said:

"I have got little or nothing to pay with, my lad. Stop a bit—here's a greenback. I guess that will about pay my day's board anyway."

"The price of a fowl is five million dollars," said the Chilean, "and the price of a bottle of any sort of wine is fifteen millions."

And now Dick P. Hocking showed his race—its stoicism, its squareness to events, its genuine large-mindedness, exhibiting itself in a manner so commonplace and remote from display as to approach vulgarity.

This demand for the five million dollars meant, if it meant anything, that he was to be slowly and cruelly starved. But he neither groaned, nor showed surprise.

"Well, I don't call that a bad deal, my lad," he said. "No man knows better than Dick P. Hocking that business is business. I make you an offer of four million dollars for a fowl, and fourteen million dollars for a bottle of *lachryma Christi* wine."

"My orders, your Excellency—"

"Never mind your orders, sonny. My turn may come some day, and—what is your name?"

"My name is Zambra Adelo, master."

Dick P. Hocking took out his note-book from a vast breast-pocket, and he scribbled that name in pencil.

"Now, Zambra Adelo," he said, "look you, my son: I tell you my turn may come some day—may, mind you—I am not saying will—and I make you a bid of four million dollars for that fowl, and fourteen million dollars for that bottle of wine."

"Your Excellency is wasting his breath," replied Zambra.

"Very good, sir. What is the price of a loaf of bread on board this ship of mine?"

"Three million dollars, your Excellency."

"Not dear, considering. Well, you bring me round a roast fowl, a loaf of bread, and a bottle of *lachryma Christi* wine, and don't stop to chew your teeth, neither."

"If your Excellency will sign these three papers—"

said Zambra; and he laid the papers on a three-legged stool, and took pen and ink from a shelf.

Hocking, without hesitation, signed.

Now, a fowl, a loaf, and a bottle of wine were not an overpoweringly large meal for a man of Dick P. Hocking's cubic capacity. By nightfall he was hungry again; and when the Chilean had come to clear away the *restes* of the meal, and had found a piece of loaf and some fragments of the fowl, he had asked if he should take them away, for they were Hocking's, and Hocking had said: "I guess so."

Under that bulging paunch there was a stomach as high, a pride as superb, and far more unconquerable, than ever worked beneath the courtly exterior of grandee or hidalgo.

At all events, the fowls and the wine became a pretty frequent order from the captive locked in the small room. The lowest rate of living possible for Dick P. Hocking established itself at the rate of twenty-three million dollars a day.

On the evening of the 25th, just after sunset, the *Huelva* sighted a large three-master to the N.W., opposite the Cuban town of Trinidad; and on running in toward the land for half-an-hour made her out as the *Montserrat*.

The war was by this time fairly under way. Nothing heroic had, indeed, as yet happened; two Spanish merchant ships had been seized; recruitment was going forward with considerable zest in the squares of New York, and other American cities; north Cuba and south-west Cuba had been blockaded; the world was waiting for the first serious encounter between the American Eastern squadron which had left Hong Kong and the inferior Spanish force assembled round Manila. Some war-vessels had mysteriously left Cadiz bound west, and excitement as to their unknown destination prevailed in New York. Also it was known that the *Montserrat* was upon her adventurous way; nor did anyone doubt that she must be intercepted with her valuable cargo before reaching Cienfuegos.

On the discovery of the identity of the *Montserrat*, the *Huelva* quickened her pace, and walked up rapidly on the other ship. At three hundred yards, the *Montserrat*, at a signal from the yacht, put out a boat, and her captain was rowed to receive Appadacca's instructions.

Appadacca, however, remained invisible. The captain of the transport spoke with the captain of the yacht in the cabin of the latter. And this cabin immediately adjoined one of the two apartments in which Dick P. Hocking

dozed most of the day in a sitting posture, dreamed of boiled and roast and stew.

He had now given notes of hand of over sixty million dollars for a few days' scarce rations.

Now Hocking had started life as a clerk in a Chili nitrate office; he had all his life had large interests in Cuban and South American concerns; he had a very fair smattering of some Spanish patois somewhere in his 'cute and much-experienced head; so when he heard two voices in colloquy, and this question asked: "How many American ships are blockading Cienfuegos?" he bent his ear much closer to the intervening door, and the musing, vacant eye of the listener was Dick P. Hocking's.

The answer was: "Two cruisers, both nineteen knots boats, and crash for you if they get near you!"

It was the captain of the *Huelva* who spoke, a thick-bearded, brown, short man, with plain, thin hoops of gold in his ears. He added:

"Here is a paper written by my master himself, telling you how you are to act hand in hand with the *Huelva*. You will see that you are not really to go into Cienfuegos at all, but only to make a feint that way. We are going to take in your stores and arms now, but not the men till the last moment. The paper will tell you. What we want to know from you is this: Is there anything in the way of prizes going on the seas the way you have come?"

"There is," said the other captain. "I had it from a Matanzas sloop in the Bahamas that a big transport would be leaving in four days—that should be to-morrow—from Key West for Havana crowded with rifles and stores for the army coming to Cuba."

"And her name?"

"The *Sable*."

"Convoyed?"

"I heard no—alone."

"Ah, we have her, then."

"Something rich if you take her."

"Good! we take her. Put time, time, Señor Capitano! We need to be in Cienfuegos by midnight. My master has conference with Gomez, the rebel chieftain."

Dick P. Hocking heard no more; nor did he know that all this concerned him personally. He put up his hand before his eyes, looked at them, and his mouth opened in a desperate yawn.

He was feeling intensely now the pinch of hunger, he, the opulent, the scatterer; for on the day before he had had nothing, nor on this day.

Had he, then, ceased to satisfy his cravings for the sake of a few millions? No he. The fact was that he had no more millions to squander, there being a limit to all wealth.

And Dick P. Hocking, with a certain, rough honesty that was in the man, had blurted out the fact.

He had ordered his chicken, his wine, and his loaf. And when Zambra handed him the customary three papers, Hocking had said:

"Come, you just get me those eatables, young man. I guess nothing is about the name of what's left to pay you with."

And the result, had he known the character of those with whom he had to do was what he might have expected. He got no fowl, no wine, and no loaf. He lived upon the sight of his fat fingers; he yawned till his jaws ached. And larger grew the great empty hole within him.

About an hour after he had listened to the conversation in the apartment near, while he dozed with sideward hanging head and opened mouth, the door opened. The captain of the *Huelva* entered.

"I am from his Excellency to you with a proposal," said the man; "can you understand this talk of mine?"

"Some," replied Hocking.

"Then here it is for you. His Excellency—"

"Who is his Excellency, my man?"

"Immanuel Appadacca."

"Go ahead, then."

"His Excellency has present need of sixty thousand dollars—a mere nothing—in specie, understand? Paper no good. In specie. Well, he means to put you in another ship to-night, if you agree, and get an order from you near the Florida coast for the sum; and on receiving it, you have thenceforth what food you want—everything—free of cost and charge. You agree, I know."

"H'm! I don't say I do, neither."

"You will."

"You will starve me, you rascal?"

"Yes."

"And if I fall into your views—you feed me meanwhile—you give a famishing man something to eat now, I guess?"

"No. Everything after. Nothing first."

"That means, I'm thinking, that I shall have to fast for days, my man, doesn't it?"

"Some days."

"But I tell you, I'm famishing already."

"Can't help that. Money first."

"Yes, yes. I guess I am a business man myself. Dick P. Hocking knows what business is, and likes it. But you are Christian people, I reckon on board this ship? You belong to a Christian race, I'm thinking—"

"Money first," said the captain.

Dick P. Hocking looked the man slowly up and down from the crown of his head to the tip of his boots. Then he put his hand into his breast-pocket, drew out his leather note-book, and said:

"Would you mind giving me your name, my man?"

"My name? That is nothing to the purpose, Señor! My name is Silvio Murena. Come now—"

"Silvio Murena," said Hocking slowly, while he inscribed the name—"for future reference, perhaps. I take it that you still refuse to give a hungry man a bit of food?"

"Come, you trifle, Señor!"

For quite a minute Hocking said not a word. He sat regarding the floor, elbow on knees. Then suddenly, he heaved himself upright; and out went his right leg, and up rose his mighty right arm; and with a high flush of wrath on his face, he said these words:

"Well, I guess I call you a cursed bad race of people,

anyway, the whole tribe of you! And if Richard P. Hocking's got the sense in him, if it is in a year, if it is in ten years, to do anything to crush and swamp you out, he's just going to do it, and to that you may lay all there is of you!"

He sat again.

The manner of this huge man was impressive. At that moment he recalled a hundred-ton gun in action—a thing which does not often talk, but when it does, talks things that one cannot help heying.

The captain of the *Huelva* looked at him, and was silent for a goodly number of the clock's ticks. Then he said:

"But that is talk. The question: do you consent or not to his Excellency's proposal?"

"I consent," said Dick P. Hocking.

(To be continued.)

A SHIP FOR THE WOUNDED ONLY.

WHERE SAILORS AND MARINES INJURED IN FIGHTING
WILL BE COMPARATIVELY SAFE.

THE care of the wounded in the great wars of the future is a question to which much thought has been given without any important result. One well-known British authority on military matters stated some few months ago that it would not be possible to care for the wounded on the field, and that they must be left to take care of themselves.

If this be so in military warfare, what must be said of a naval engagement? The opportunities for succouring the wounded always have been more limited on board ship than on the open field, and on the modern warship the conditions are still less favourable.

And yet it is more than ever necessary that the men should be cared for quickly and well. The number of men is limited, and almost every man is wanted; and, on the other hand, the nature of the wounds will be more serious. In our boyish days we have been harrowed by stories of the dreadful scenes in the "cockpit," but the horrors of former times will be eclipsed by those of the near future.

What is to be done? This terrible problem has been attacked by Surgeon-General Van Rappoun, of the United States Navy, and, with the assistance of the Naval Constructor, solved in a way that promises to be practicable. He has devised an ambulance ship, with a staff of doctors and nurses who will perform for sailors the same services as the members of the Red Cross do for soldiers.

The Red Cross ship is being so constructed that she shall be easy and comfortable under the normal stress of weather. Her appearance will be like that of a moderate sized ocean liner.

She will be fitted with two sets of triple expansion engines to turn her twin screws, and her speed will be 14 knots. She will carry 600 tons of coal. She will have but limited sail, just sufficient to steady her under certain conditions and make her comfortable. Her draught is to be only 18 feet on a total displacement of 3,550 tons, so that she will be able to enter any harbour.

On the upper or awning deck will be four large steam cutters and a similar number of barges for the rapid conveyance of the wounded from the warships to this floating hospital. The barges are specially adapted for this work and can carry a dozen injured men in comfort. The boats will receive the wounded from the ships in action, and will convey them quickly and in comparative comfort to the Red Cross vessel, where they will be carefully swung to the upper deck and thence carried to the room fitted up for the purpose of treating them.

Patients suffering only from slight injuries will not be taken to the operating room. This room is to be fitted with all the latest surgical conveniences; no money will be spared to bring it as near perfection as human ingenuity can make it. In the plan, it is on the main deck, and is light and well ventilated, while the electric light will act as an efficient substitute for sunshine on dull days.

From the operating room the patients will be carried by electric lifts and other devices to the berth deck, with its 140 cots, or to the main deck, which has 134 cots. The cots are arranged in double tiers except in the fore compartment of the main deck, where a single tier of fourteen is placed for serious cases. Each consists of woven wire springs bearing a hair mattress.

There will be rooms for the convalescent, including a smoking room, where they can have the benefit of the pure air and sunshine to the full extent.

The medical staff will consist of four surgeons, two dispensers, and twelve nurses. The working crew of the ship will be 125 all told.

The cooking for the crew will be done apart, so that the appetites of the injured may not be dangerously quickened or hampered by the smell of food unsuitable for them. There will be kitchens on the main deck and the berth deck for the preparation of their diet.

The steam laundry and other modern conveniences are to be established on board as a matter of course.

The scheme is a bold and a novel one, and there is no apparent reason why it should not be equally successful with the Red Cross on the battlefield.

Preferred to Carry the Candle Himself.

SOME time ago I was at a small village in Somersetshire, sitting up a steam dairy.

As is well known, water is a most essential thing in a dairy, so, being unable to obtain a sufficient supply from a well already sunk, it was suggested to open a disused well near, and try the water there.

Instructions were given to the men to be careful on opening the well as it might be unsafe to descend on account of foul air.

They were told to light a candle and let it down, and if it continued to burn they would then know that there was no danger in descending.

On the following day, on asking if it was safe to go down, one of the men replied: "Yes, that's safe enough. I took the candle down with me and it burnt beautifully."

Detained by Public Business.

MRS. SUBBUBS: "Henry, you have kept us waiting dinner a long time. What detained you?"

Mr. Subbubs: "Business. Couldn't get away any sooner. Looks like rain, doesn't it?"

"Yes. What was the nature of the business?"

"Public matters that wouldn't interest you. The beef looks nice, doesn't it?"

"Yes, the beef is all right. What were the public matters?"

"Tremendous crowd in front of an office building. I got right in the thick of it, and couldn't get away. You had a headache when I left for town this morning. Is it better?"

"Yes, the headache is gone. What—"

"How about the people next door? Have they left for the seaside yet?"

"Yes. They left about twelve. What was the crowd doing?"

"Why—why—why—it was—it was watching some men raise a safe to a sixth-storey window. You're very inquisitive, dear."

Only Half a Dog.

THE average collier may not be a particularly well-read individual, but he proudly boasts that he knows a good dog when he sees one.

The other evening, on returning from the pit, a certain collier was greeted by his son with:

"Feythur, what's ta think o' my dog?"

After a critical inspection of the animal the father demanded:

"Where did ta pick that up?"

"Aw giv Bill Pick a croon for 'im," was the reply. "Ain't 'e jest a pictur?"

"Theer's picturs and picturs," responded the father grimly. "However, as thoo's bowt 'im Aw doan't mind tak'n a half share in 'im. Wot does ta say?"

The son had no objection to offer, and the father having handed over the half-crown, became entitled to a half share in the dog.

"Noo, Jim," he remarked, "remember as half that dog's mine. If thoo's no objections Aw'll tak' the tail end half."

The son stared, but as he said nothing the other continued:

"Of course, Jim, thoo can do as ta loikes wi' thy half o' t' dog, but Aw's a-goin' to kick my half out o' t' door."

And before Jim had grasped the situation thoroughly both halves were flying down the road at top speed.

WHEN the birthday of a man comes round,
The man takes a day off; if more, but few—
But a woman can't a birthday have
Without taking off a year or two.

INCUBATED CHICK: "Why didn't you peep yesterday when I peeped at you?"

Hen-hatched Chick (haughtily): "You are not in our set."

MAGISTRATE (sternly): "You are a pitiable specimen of humanity. What brought you to all this degradation and disgrace?"

Prisoner (proudly): "It took three coppers."

"So you refused him?" said Maud.

"Yes," replied Mamie. "I told him I shall send back any letters unopened."

"I wouldn't be so rude. There might be theatre tickets in some of them."

OFFICE BOY: "Please, sir, can't I go to dinner now? It's almost an hour past my time, and I'm awfully hungry."

Employer: "Hungry? Well, I wonder if anybody ever saw such a greedy boy. Here you have been licking envelopes and postage stamps all the forenoon, and yet you complain of being hungry!"

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

XVI.—Echoes from Egypt.

THE present Khedive of Egypt was under the control of British nurses and governesses until his tenth year.

A LARGE convict prison for offenders undergoing long terms of imprisonment, and for "life" sentences, is maintained at Tura, a settlement in the desert, within easy distance of the banks of the Nile.

It has lately been discovered that British trade marks have been forged wholesale in Egypt, and vast quantities of hardware goods sold as British manufacture which really came from Belgium and Germany.

THERE are about seventy-five pyramids in Egypt. What is known as the Great Pyramid was erected nearly 3,600 years B.C., and it is computed that fully 100,000 men were employed for thirty years on the work.

MUD baths were common among the ancients, the mud on the seashore and the slime of the rivers being especially prized for this purpose. The Egyptians still use them for certain complaints, such as gout and sciatica.

To the Egyptians has been given the honour of inventing the lamp. At the present time the lamp commonly used in Egypt is a small glass vessel, with a tube in the bottom, in which is placed a wick of cotton twisted round a straw.

THE sandal worn by the Egyptians is composed of a sole made by fastening together three thicknesses of leather. This is held to the foot by passing a band across the instep. The sandal is beautifully stitched with thread of different colours.

THE Egyptians were great advertisers. Papyrus leaves over three thousand years old, have been found at Thebes, describing runaway slaves, and offering a reward for their capture; and at Pompeii ancient advertisements have been deciphered on the walls.

ARTIFICIAL scarecrows are of little if any value in Egypt. The owners of the cornfields near the Nile have to employ natives, who stand on raised platforms and throw stones to scare away the voracious birds, who would otherwise quickly devour the entire crop.

THE Egyptian grooms are called "syces," and their duties are of a far more arduous kind than those of their English brethren. They attend to the wants of the horses in the stables, and when their master drives out they run barefooted in front of his carriage, shouting a warning cry to clear the way.

THE two great obelisks known as Cleopatra's Needles formerly stood at Heliopolis. They were re-erected by Rameses II. at Alexandria. The one which stands on the Thames Embankment weighs 186 tons, and is 68½ ft. high. The other was presented by the Khedive to the United States, and was placed in position in the Central Park in New York in 1881.

NEXT to the camel, the donkey is the most useful and hardworking animal in Egypt. He is in much request amongst tourists, and may also be seen carrying a lordly pasha on his velvet saddle, or creeping home at sunset, so laden with clover, that nothing is visible but his head and tail, with a full-grown man and a child perched on the top of the load.

THE officials on the Egyptian railways are, for the most part, Arabs, who remind one of the amorous individual in "the house that Jack built"—men all tattered and torn. They are very proud of their badge of office—a tin disc strapped to the arm. Their idea of "tips" from the passengers is anything but modest. They pester you for backsheesh, and expect three or four shillings for the most trifling service.

THE manufacture of genuine ancient Egyptian mummies still flourishes. A Yorkshire manufacturer some time ago received an order from an Egyptian firm for a large quantity of "mummy cloth." Some pieces of real mummy cloth were inclosed with the order as a guide to the English firm. The Egyptian merely wanted the fabric as near like the texture of the genuine article as possible. He undertook "the discolouration—produced by extreme age."

SOME time ago, a traveller in Egypt during his explorations discovered a mummy—believed to be one of the Pharaohs—and prepared to transport the prize to Cairo. On reaching the railway station, he obstinately refused to confide his precious package to the luggage van, and insisted on taking it into the carriage with him. This the officials did not mind, but they compelled the traveller to take two first-class tickets—one for Pharaoh and one for himself.

BEFORE starting on a journey across the desert the Egyptians take care that the humps of their camels are in good condition. This is the camel's reserve supply of fat which helps to sustain the animal if in case of emergency it is temporarily debarred from food. The camel can stow about a gallon and a half of water in its capacious stomach, and it is satisfied if it can replenish this every third day. Between these intervals it will carry a load of about 400 lbs. a distance of eighty or ninety miles.

Hadn't Seen that Kind Before.

A GENTLEMAN of the Hebrew persuasion was recently gazetted to a crack Scotch regiment. The new acquisition was discussed by all members of the regiment with some warmth.

"Weel, weel," at length said the Sergeant-major: "I've seen many strange things in my time. We've had Highlanders frae England, and Highlanders frae Wales, and we've had Highlanders frae Ireland, but in the whole course of my existence, boys, that is the first time we've had a Highlander frae Jerusalem."

Too Sharp for the Foreman.

AT one of the iron works in the North of England a good story is told at the expense of one of the foremen at the blast furnaces.

The men known as the barrow-men have a certain number of rounds or barrows of ore to wheel to the furnace during their eight hours of labour.

One stormy night the foreman, who was suffering from a severe headache, retired to his cabin, but, being of a suspicious nature, he left the door open, that he might hear if anything unusual took place.

The men had worked steadily on for some time, passing the cabin with each barrow of ore on their way to the lift. At last one man, in passing the door, remarked loudly to another, "One more round, Pat, and then—". But the foreman, overhearing the remark, and knowing it was a long way of "knocking off" time, rushed to the door, exclaiming:

"And then what, my man?"

"And then another," coolly replied the barrow man; and the foreman retired.

The Worst of Telling Lies.

THERE used to be a certain stern old colonel stationed at Aldershot who was a great stickler for all the officers being acquainted with the names and particulars of the various men of their troops.

A well-known jovial captain, who was never yet at a loss for a reply to any question asked him, was once put sublimely through his facings.

"Captain Dash," said his superior officer, overlooking a posse of young recruits, "what is this man's name, and where does he come from?"

"His name's Brown, sir, and he's a native of Derbyshire," responded the calm captain, prepared for any amount of fabrication, but in reality not knowing one single point upon which he was likely to be questioned. "And this man? What is his name, and where was he born?" was the next inquiry.

"Oh, his name's Smith, and he is a native of Devon," answered the plunging captain, as coolly as though he were telling the truth.

"Of Devon!" repeated the colonel. "Dear me! My own native place. So, my man"—addressing the grinning recruit—"you are actually from Devon?"

"Hoot, mon, and it's a graun' place it is!" was the reply.

The colonel fell back very much astonished, and had a few moments with Captain Dash in private shortly afterwards.

HIGBEE (on steamer): "Who are you looking for, Mac?"

Mac (feebly): "The man who called out 'All's well!'"

MRS. HOLMES: "Have you anybody you can refer me to?"

Menial: "Oh, yes; I have come prepared to exchange references with you."

MAMMA: "Playing Indian is so rough. Why are you crying? Have they been scalping you again?"

Spotted Panther (alias Willie): "No, mamma; we have been smoking the pipe of peace."

DICK: "Poor Tom! He is dead now; but he has a large circle of warm friends."

Rob: "Yes, I know he had a large circle of friends, but I supposed they were in both places."

"How is your wife?"

"I see her very seldom."

"Why, how's that?"

"Because she sits behind me on our tandem."

"WOMAN," remarked the extra hairpin, "cannot keep secret anything she is told."

"Begging your pardon," retorted the mirror, "but she does not confide elsewhere that which I tell her."

"To think," said the visitor, "that you will have to go through life an ex-convict!"

"Well, miss," replied Claude, "to tell you the truth, just at present there ain't nothing I'd like more to be!"

HOW SOME FAMOUS CRICKETERS WERE "DISCOVERED."

AND THE MEN WHO WERE LUCKY TO MAKE THE "FIND."

In 1884 a young Londoner went down to the Oval to see a friend play in the Colts' match. The friend, who was practising at the nets, asked the new-comer to give him "a ball or two," which the latter proceeded to do. Whilst this was going on, the Surrey secretary, and former player, Mr. O. W. Alcock, who was casually walking round the ground, came across the two youths, and was immediately attracted by the "action" of the young bowler. Going up to him, the genial secretary asked if he were one of the Colts. The other replied that he was not.

"What club are you in?" asked Mr. Alcock.

"The Y.M.C.A. second eleven at Wandsworth," said the bowler.

Then the secretary asked him if he would deliver another ball or two. The youth took the ball, rubbed it on the ground, and then wetted it, on which Mr. Alcock remarked to a friend standing by: "That youngster knows something. He's a bowler!"

There and then the Surrey gentleman asked the youth to take part in the coming match, which he did. He accepted an engagement on the ground staff of the Oval, and the same season played for his county. Who can tell what he has done for Surrey? In ten seasons the great bowler captured no fewer than 1,439 wickets at an average cost of twelve runs each, and at the same time developed into one of the most useful batsmen Surrey has ever had.

For the young Londoner introduced to county cricket in the above romantic way, was no other than the world-famous George Lehmann! No wonder that the Surrey Committee, deliberating one day rather later, suggested that if "George" was only fit for the Wandsworth Y.M.C.A. second eleven, it would evidently be much to Surrey's benefit to have the whole of that institute's first eleven in the county team!

When Lascelles Hall, the famous Yorkshire Club, which, for some years, supplied so many County cricketers, was at its zenith, an application came one day to Mr. Jessop, the then secretary, from the Roehdale Cricket Club, asking if he could send them a professional cricketer from the noted Yorkshire village. As no fewer than fourteen Lascelles Hall men had that year already gone out as professionals, and it was then getting past the middle of the season, Mr. Jessop was at a loss to find a really suitable man. So, in the dilemma, he sent a boy—a mere youth of seventeen—who had made some good scores in club cricket, and of whose future powers Mr. Jessop had rather strong ideas.

When the Roehdale committee saw the youth of seventeen they smiled, and then felt as if they had been rather shabbily treated. But when he had played one game, they engaged him straight away, and he appeared for them with great success till, soon afterwards, he became a member of the Yorkshire County Club. Who has not heard the name of William Bates? For several seasons he was one of Yorkshire's shining stars, both with bat and ball, and every English cricket-lover felt the deepest sympathy when a blow from a ball, whilst Bates was in Australia some years ago, ruined his eyesight, and practically brought the career of one of England's finest all-round cricketers to a close.

Brighton College is not unknown in the world of cricket, and in the early '80s its young acions were, as usual, practising on the grounds there when a new boy came strolling along. Somebody amongst the crew asked him if he could bowl, and the youth, with as much assurance and coolness as if they had asked "Could he eat?" said: "Oh! certainly."

Thereupon ensued one of those scornful laughs, to be heard far away, such as only a pack of delighted school-boys can give vent to. The whole band thought that here was a new object for their diversion, and there was renewed mirth when one of their number, a prominent member of the school eleven, chimed in:

"Well, get hold of the ball, and let's see you!"

The new-comer, nothing disconcerted, did get hold of the ball, and delivered a very fast round-arm ball that took the staring schoolboys by surprise. They did not laugh so derisively then. The gentleman batting was no less a player than Mr. G. H. Cotterill, but the new boy upset his stumps twelve in seven balls!

Thereupon the school-youths began to awaken to the fact that this "fellow" was no ordinary cricketer, and he was at once drafted into the first eleven. The following season he played for his county, and since that time no more brilliant bowler and batsman has appeared on English cricket fields, nor one more thoroughly relished by the great cricketing public than Mr. S. M. J. Woods, the popular Somersetshire captain. His twelve wickets for 55 runs in that first county match in 1888 is a record that he has well sustained for some twelve years; and when the giant form of "S. M. J." appears, going to the wicket from the pavilion, people waken up, for they know things will soon be lively for somebody.

All cricketers know "Bob" Thoms, the umpire, and to him we owe the "finding" of a cricketer who is now one of our most noted players. "Bob" went to Lord's to interview old Tom Hearn, who has been for so long

a time the doyen of the players attached to that great ground. But old Tom steadfastly refused to be interviewed.

"I don't care for it," he said. "Moreover, I've had my share of cricket; I don't need to be advertised! Look here; if you want to advertise anybody I've a young nephew who can play a bit, and wouldn't object to have an advertisement."

"Who is he, and where is he?" asked Thoms.

"Here you are," said old Thoms, giving him the address. "Just you go and see him."

So Bob Thoms went on to see the "nephew," with such useful results that a new bowler appeared that season for Middlesex. His name was John T. Hearn!

It was only after the celebrated Eton and Harrow match of some ten years or so ago that Yorkshire awoke to the fact that there was a youth at the latter school, called Jackson, who was a born cricketer and a Yorkshireman.

Jackson's father had little idea of his son's cricket ability, and on the morning of the great match, somewhat rashly offered him a five-pound note for every wicket he took in Eton's innings, and a sovereign for every run he made. As the Harrovian went in for business, and secured five wickets, besides making a good number of runs, he had a very paying day!

Then the northern county committee began to think that it might be worth while to try this young gentleman in the county's engagements, and so Mr. F. S. Jackson made his debut for Yorkshire. What he has done need not be detailed. He is, probably, the finest all-round player in the world to-day, of amateurs at any rate.

Singularly enough, it was this very player, when captain of the Cambridge Eleven, who "missed" spotting the greatest batsman of modern days, Kumar Shri Ranjitsinhji! Mr. Jackson often says that he regards that as one of the most incomprehensible mistakes in his cricket life. The famous Indian cricketer went to Brighton after leaving the University, and modestly resolved to ask Sussex if they would have him! But Mr. W. L. Murdoch and Mr. W. Newham did not wait to be asked! They had seen the Indian's play, and the Sussex captain knew the new Brightonian would turn out no ordinary cricketer, so he offered him a place against the M.C.C. in 1895, and when K. S. "Ranjit" made 77 (not out), and 150, "W. L. M." smiled at "W. N.," for they knew they had "discovered" a genius!

A Good Reason for Hope.

A GENTLEMAN from London visiting Scotland, having heard that a man residing in the district where he had put up had just completed the hundredth year of his age, and being anxious to see the centenarian, paid him a visit. In the course of conversation, the Cockney congratulated the old man on the healthy appearance he had at his time of life.

"But," says he, "I presume you do not expect to see the end of another hundred years!"

"I'm no very sure about that. You must mind I'm a heap stronger the now than when I started with the first runner," was the old man's reply.

Oh, night wind, steal thou through the casement
Where my slumbering darling lies;
Kiss her—then go and give her father
A touch of rheumatiz.

COUNTRY POSTMASTER: "Oh, by-the-way, you owe me twopence for stamps, Mr. Perkins."

Old Mr. Perkins: "You'll hev taw wait till next time I fetch my ear-trumpet, fur I can't argufy without it."

MRS. A: "I think your husband is a very quiet dresser."

Mrs. B: "H'm! You might change your opinion if you heard him looking for his clothes some mornings."

NEWLY ARRIVED MISSIONARY: "And how did my predecessor get on here? Did he make a successful entrée?"

Pleasant Cannibal: "No; to tell the truth, he did not. In fact he made such a poor entrée, he soon found himself in the soup."

SPATZ (as he lands on an inverted tack): "Great Caesar, Mary! I wish you wouldn't be so careless about throwing tasks about."

Mrs. Spatz (placidly): "Henry, you are getting meaner and meaner every day. I can buy a whole packet of tasks for a penny."

YOUNG HOPEFUL: "Papa, I wish you would buy me a bow and arrow."

Papa: "It's only an hour ago since I bought you a kite."

Young Hopeful: "Th' kite's on top of a telegraph pole, and I want to shoot it down."

CARGOES OF CORPSES.

VESSELS THAT LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO FOR SHANGHAI CONTAINING A CARGO OF DEAD HUMAN BODIES THREE TIMES A WEEK.

A PRINCIPAL part of a Chinaman's belief is that the soul of a departed friend is not in the full enjoyment of heavenly bliss if the body is not laid peacefully at rest in China.

Therefore, an immense trade is done, principally between the ports of San Francisco and Shanghai, in the conveyance of Chinese corpses to China—Chinese who have died in any one of the numerous cities and towns abounding on the South Pacific coast. It is computed that the Celestial population on this particular part of the world is nearly as great as that of Ireland. But they won't be buried there.

The bodies are taken across the South Pacific Ocean in what are locally known throughout the Californian territory as "tramp" boats, facetiously termed "Corps ships."

The Jack Tar of all nations has a strong antipathy to the dead; corpses he abhors; a dead body aboard his ship brings in its trend a whole chapter of accidents, so he believes, from the straining of the ship's screw to running ashore and foundering.

Passenger mail steamers in all parts of the world—with the exception of South Pacific boats—have thus, perforce, to publish a prohibitive tariff for the conveyance of dead bodies.

They are shipped as "statuary"—sometimes as cases of cement. The charge is £20 for a body.

The tramp boats, or corpse ships, of the South Pacific, therefore, have been organised for the benefit of the poorer Chinese infesting the Californian coast, and the business is openly carried on.

The bodies of the wealthier of their order are taken across in the steamers of the big lines.

On the Frisco ships every body must be accompanied by a person in charge, who must have a permit from a local health authority giving permission for the removal, and showing name of deceased, age, place of death, point to which to be transported, name of doctor, and cause of death. There is a free allowance of about 150lb. of baggage for each body.

There are associations formed among the South Pacific coast Chinese to defray the cost of shipping the bodies of their poor brethren home.

The labour contract of every Chinese coolie emigrant specially stipulates, that in case of death his body shall be allowed to be taken back to China, that his dust may mingle with that of his forefathers, and join their spirits in the Flowery Kingdom.

"Pearson's Weekly" Railway and Cycling Insurance.

471 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID (Including one of a Thousand Pounds.)

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £2000—not for one only.

£2000 Specially Guaranteed

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED.

40, 42, and 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON E.C.

(To whom Notices of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

INSURANCE TICKET, issued under Section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

TWO THOUSAND POUNDS

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger within the limits of Great Britain and Ireland (including holders of season and excursion tickets and Post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans), or One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of Pearson's Weekly may decide to be next-of-kin of any Cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death, in either case, occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address, within three days of its occurrence. These conditions are the essence of the contract. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, as long as the coupon is signed.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890, Rules No. 1 and 2."

The Purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

W.E.—Subscribers who have paid a twelve-months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY Railway Insurance to their newagent, or to the publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or send the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, at 10, Abchurch Lane, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

IT IS HEREBY CERTIFIED that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £2000 RAILWAY INSURANCE, and also of the CYCLING INSURANCE, has been paid up to May 31st, 1898, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of TWO THOUSAND POUNDS, and against Fatal Cycling Accident, under the conditions named in the notice above.

General Manager for the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation Ltd.

Richard J. Faull

High Rates of Interest.

MANY governments in good credit can borrow money at three per cent., or even less. When security cannot be given, or when credit is not good, the rate exacted of private borrowers is much higher. A case has been found in London where interest was paid on short loans at a rate which would amount to five thousand two hundred per cent. a year.

A Mr. Moon, who has contributed an article on the subject to a review, has made a personal investigation of the matter among the pawnbrokers of Whitechapel. These men and women are regarded by the wretchedly poor people about them as philanthropists rather than usurers.

The Act of Parliament permits these pawnbrokers to collect on all loans of two shillings or less an interest of at least a halfpenny a month. This appears very reasonable to the poor people of Whitechapel; but many loans of sixpence are made, and as in the case of sixpence loans no time longer than a week is ever given for payment, and as the halfpenny is always collected the same as for a month, the rate on these little loans amounts to what would be equal to four hundred per cent. a year.

But the way in which this sort of usury may be carried very much further is described in Mr. Moon's narration. A pawnbroker said to him:

"There's things here, sir, that don't stay here not a day. Last winter a woman brought me in one evening a child's pair of shoes, and I lent her a sixpence on them."

"Next morning very early in she comes, sir, with a bed coverlet. It must have just come off the bed, for it was as warm as could be to the hands. I lent her sixpence for it, and with that sixpence and a halfpenny that she brought with her, she took the child's shoes out of pawn and went away with them."

"Now, then," says she, "the little 'un can go to school."

"And in the evening back she comes again with the child's shoes once more, and puts 'em up for sixpence, and gets the coverlet and pays her halfpenny on that, and goes away with that to sleep under for the night."

"And that she kept up, sir, day after day and night after night, until the mild weather came again, and a coverlet on a bed wasn't no longer necessary."

The woman was really paying interest, therefore, at the rate of a hundred per cent. per week, or fifty-two hundred per cent. a year.

BROWN is telling a story to Smith after dinner, and in the course of it remarks:

"Then I rang violently for my servant."
"What," somebody interrupts, "have you got a servant?"
"No," says Brown, "but I've got a bell."

Result of the "Shakespearian Editor" Competition.

THE only competitor to send in a correct list to this competition was Mr. F. Sweet, 3 Oliver Grove, South Norwood, the prize of the solid silver pencil-case has, therefore, been forwarded to him. The following is the solution:

- | | | |
|--------------|---------------|---------------|
| 1. Shylock. | 7. Timon. | 13. Pistol. |
| 2. Duncan. | 8. Aguecheek. | 14. Glendier. |
| 3. Caliban. | 9. Sycorax. | 15. Feeble. |
| 4. Romeo. | 10. Curio. | 16. Patience. |
| 5. Prospero. | 11. Silence. | 17. Hero. |
| 6. Falstaff. | 12. Adam. | |

The following competitors sent in lists with one or two mistakes; a gold-plated pencil-case has been awarded to each.

A. Coulson, 2 Nott's Cottages, Chase Side, Enfield; F. S. Evans, 27 August Road, The Brook, Liverpool; M. Willett, 28 Manor Road, Stoke Newington; J. J. Cole, Stanley Villa, City Road, Newport, Mon.; C. H. Foynter, Alma, Oxford Avenue, Southampton; Miss Joy, 3 Warwick Terrace, Leeson Park, Dublin; Mrs. Frye, 25 London Road, Chelmsford; Miss I. G. Jones, 6 Lower Pembroke Street, Dublin; Mrs. Hitchings, 9 West Hoe Terrace, Plymouth; Miss M. Dowling, 25 Marlborough Road, Gunnersbury, W.; Mrs. Goodie, Hildersstone, Stone, Staffs.; A. Sheldon, 20 Prole Street, Wolverhampton; Mrs. A. Gavan, 1 Richmond Road, Isleworth; H. Grain, 13 Newburgh Road, Acton; G. Sampson, 13 Humber Terrace, Blackheath, S.E.; Miss B. Gray, 14 Victoria Road, Barnsley, Yorks.; Mrs. Perera, Holmesfield, Perry Road, Acton, W.; J. Gavan, St. Mary's Boys' School, Isleworth; A. J. Henwood, Faversham House, Penhale Road, Portsmouth; Lieut-Col. Cotton, The Hall, Lismore; M. H. Macdonald, Carbrook Lodge, Strling, N.B.; F. C. Kemble, 46 Fentiman Road, Clapham, S.W.; Mrs. E. Williams, 19 Waterloo Street, Bolton; T. Jodging, Woodstock, Oxon; H. Howarth, 175 Clarence Street, Bolton; G. K. Stubbs, 23 Park Street, Macclesfield; H. Marmion, 24 Sydney Street, Fulham Road, S.W.; F. C. Bowkett, 145 East India Dock Road, E.; T. Moore, 28 Harrogate Street, Sunderland; F. Burton, Mary Lodge, Marlow Hill, Faginton; St. Geo. Chase, 20 Hardcastle Street, Belfast; M. I. Burton, Mary Lodge, Marlow Hill, Faginton; Mrs. Cannock, 26 London Road, Spalding; H. L. Murphy, Glencairn, Sandford, Co. Dublin; E. B. Hunter, 3 Richmond Terrace, Ulverston; Miss K. M. Begbie, 44 Clarence Parade, Southsea; C. T. Baines, Mayrick Road, Newark, Notts; F. W. Turner, Sunnyside, Boundary Road, Woking; Miss Jeannette Halford, The Orchard, Horley, Surrey; Miss M. Elwell, 25 East Park Terrace, Southampton; F. Harris, 118 Sussex Road, Southport; H. A. Stanger, 8 Benson Street, Ulverston; H. Grain, 45 Bedford Road, W.C.; J. N. Penlington, Forest Road, Victoria Park, Cardiff; Miss J. Fraser, Rose Cottage, Bathurst, N.B.; D. Gordon, 23 Backham Street, North Kensington; P. Harris, 118 Sussex Road, Southport; A. Lester, 69 High Road, Tottenham; T. E. Thomas, 31 Southfield Road, Middlesbrough; A. H. Applin, 47 Windsor Street, Wolverton, Bucks.

Mazeppa's Real Story.

A PORTRAIT of Mazeppa, painted from life, has been discovered at Kief, in Southern Russia, and is being engraved by the Russian Academician, Demetery Kowsky.

It will surprise nearly everyone who hears that Mazeppa was a real living man, who could sit for his portrait—he seems so like a purely mythical being, like Bellerophon. Yet he was a real man, and cut quite a figure in his part of the world some two hundred years ago.

Joan Stephanovich Mazeppa was a Cossack, who made successful war upon the savage Tartars who desolated Southern Russia, driving them back to the Caspian.

This so recommended him to Peter the Great that he invited the Cossack to his Court and covered him with honours and gifts. But when Peter sent him against the invading Swedes under Charles XII. he betrayed the Russian, and went over with his followers to the enemy.

Peter defeated them both and drove them into Turkish territory, where, fearing to fall into the hands of his former relentless master, Mazeppa killed himself.

He had before this hidden all the treasures which he had amassed in his wars and through gifts from those he had served, in caverns in the hills around Kief. The portrait now discovered was probably hidden at this time.

The incident by which alone we know him actually did occur. He was by birth a Cossack, but when very young he was sent to serve as a page in the Court of the Polish King. There his beauty and bravery won him great favour, especially with the ladies. He gave cause for jealousy to one of their husbands who, in revenge, ordered him to be bound naked to the back of a wild horse that had never been ridden.

The horse was a Tartar from the Steppes, and when loosed he rushed madly back to his own country, with the unwilling rider bound to his back. The Cossacks received the unhappy youth when nearly dead from exhaustion, and he grew up among them, remarkable for strength and bravery.

Byron got his story out of Voltaire's "Life of Charles XII.," and worked it up into his dashing and attractive poem.

"HERE JIM, TRY ONE OF OGDENS
GUINEA-GOLD—LOVELY SMOKE!"



HOME NOTES PAGE.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

Avoid Kneading Pastry with the hand, it will be lighter if a steel knife be used. In making pastry the dough must be kept as cold as possible.

To Eradicate Weeds of all Sorts, take of sulphur one pound, the same quantity of lime, and dissolve all in two gallons of water. Pour this liquid on the weeds, and it will destroy them.

Coloured Cottons will Wash Well if placed in an infusion of three gills of salt to four quarts of boiling water, while hot, and left till cold. This process renders the colours permanent, and they will not fade by subsequent washing.

A Good Candied Lemon-Peel is made in this way: Take the fruit and cut the rind in slices about three-quarters of an inch long. Place these in a glass bottle and cover with white sugar. Cork tightly, and keep in a dry cupboard until candied. The peel thus treated will be found useful for cakes, etc., and the cost of it is very small. (Reply to A. S. B.)

Thin Gingerbread. Mix carefully half a pound of fine flour, half a pound of castor sugar, a teaspoonful of ground ginger, and the grated rind of half a lemon. Melt together a quarter of a pound of butter and one ounce and a half of treacle. When dissolved add this to the dry ingredients, and make into a thin paste. Have ready some flat tins well greased, spread the mixture on the tins, and bake in a moderate oven. When cooked, roll and place on a sieve to cool.

To Clean a Chandelier. I am not surprised that your efforts have been unsuccessful, but follow my advice, and I am sure you will be pleased with the result. Take a flannel slightly moistened with paraffin and with it rub your chandelier, well polishing afterwards with a soft rag. The metal then will look almost like new again, the reason being that the paraffin removes the kind of sticky smoke deposited on the brackets by the gas. (Reply to HOUSEWIFE.)

Chicken Mould. Boil a chicken until very tender, seasoning it with a small onion, a bay-leaf, and a small blade of mace. When cooked, take up the chicken and boil the liquor down to a jelly. Meanwhile remove the meat from the bones, chop it finely, season with cayenne pepper and salt, a little grated lemon-peel, and chopped parsley. Add a gill of cream or two beaten eggs. Stir altogether and put into a mould. Cover with buttered paper and bake for three-quarters of an hour. When cold, serve whole or in slices with salad.

An Ice Pudding Made without a Freezer. Place two well-beaten eggs in a basin, and pour over them half a pint of boiling sweetened milk. Mix the ingredients and return them to the sauce-pan, and stir gently over a slow fire till a thick custard is produced. It must not boil, or it will curdle. Take from the fire and set it aside to get cold; then add half a pint of whipped cream, and flavour to taste with vanilla, lemon, strawberry, or anything that is liked. Put the mixture into an ordinary round covered tin that will hold a pint, being sure it has a well-fitting cover. Stand it in a zinc pail and pack it round tightly with equal quantities of rough ice and freezing salt—about three pounds of each will be sufficient. Cover it with a thick blanket, and stand it in a corner of the kitchen for three hours and a half; turn it out of the tin and serve at once. Hand wafers with the ice.

THE WORLD OF DRESS.

Edited by Mrs. ARIA.

Published by C. Arthur Pearson Limited.

Monthly, 1s.; Subscription, 12s. a year, post free.

The World of Dress will contain the Latest Fashion News in Paris, Vienna, New York, and London. Theatrical Dress in these cities will be largely dealt with, for it is on the stage that the changes of Fashion are first noted. A special feature each month will be an Interview with a Leading Costumier in one of those cities, who will specially design for The World of Dress one of the Coloured Plates which will be presented with each copy every month.

READY ON THE 1ST OF EVERY MONTH.

Bruised Cloves placed among woollen clothes, will prevent the ravages of the merciless moth and at the same time impart a delicious fragrance.

To Take Grease out of Leather, the white of an egg to the spot, and dry it in the sun. Repeat the application until the stain is removed. (Reply to ALVAN.)

Ink Marks on Furniture can be removed by washing them with sour beer, and then rubbing on a little spirits of salt. Afterwards polish in the usual way with beeswax and turpentine, or any furniture polish you generally use. (Reply to ELDORA.)

Those who Object to Fly-papers should try this easy way of destroying the pest. Procure some quassia chips from a chemist, put a small teaspoonful on a saucer, pour over them some hot water, and sweeten with a little coarse brown sugar. Set the solution in places where the flies are most troublesome.

Frumerty, or fermity, as it is sometimes called, is made as follows: Boil a quarter of a pint of wheat, which should first be well baked in water for three or four hours, then add one quart of milk with one tablespoonful of flour mixed with it, three eggs, three parts of a small teaspoonful of raisins, a little lemon peel or nutmeg. Boil for a quarter of an hour, and serve. (Reply to EMU, Melbourne.)

Chocolate Caramels. Take a quarter of a pint of powdered sugar, a pint of milk, a quarter of an ounce of butter, and two ounces of grated chocolate. Mix the above ingredients together and then stir them over the fire in a lined sauce-pan. Let it boil till quite thick, then pour on to greased tins, and as it begins to set, mark it into squares with a buttered knife. (Reply to CAMEL.)

A Brilliant Varnish for Paint. Mix together whitelead paste four ounces, patent dryer half an ounce, and white spirit varnish six ounces. These are sufficient to make the varnish of the consistency of ordinary white paint. If too thick, add a little turpentine to reduce it. This should give paint the appearance of enamel when dry. (Reply to SPRING RESTOREE.)

Brown Bread Sandwiches. Brown bread is very delicious and very wholesome, so why is it not more used? Make it into sandwiches for afternoon tea and it will always be popular. Cut thin slices of brown bread, spread one half with Devonshire cream and the other with raspberry or some firm kind of jam. Press the slices together, cut into neat shapes, and serve on a d'oyley.

A Good Mayonnaise Dressing. Place the yolk of an egg in a basin, drop into it very slowly a gill of olive oil, stirring evenly with a wooden spoon meanwhile. Then add a saltspoonful of salt, half the quantity of white pepper, and a tablespoonful of vinegar, or if liked, half tarragon and half plain vinegar. Just before serving add a few capers to the mixture, or a little chopped gherkin.

Vegetable Pudding. Boil a nice white spring cabbage until tender, drain, and set it aside till perfectly cold. Chop it finely, add a beaten egg, an ounce of butter, a gill of good milk, cayenne pepper and salt to taste. Grease a pie-dish, place the vegetable in it, cover with fine bread-crumbs with grated cheese on the top. Bake for half-an-hour, and serve hot. This makes an excellent supper dish for people who prefer vegetables to meat.

Fried Tomatoes The tomato is ever with us and the fruit is grown in such large quantities that one can buy it fairly inexpensively even in winter. Eat it raw or cook it as you will, it is always good. Here is a nice recipe for half ripe tomatoes: Cut each one in half cross-wise, sprinkle with salt and pepper, then flour it lightly, dip into beaten egg, then coat thickly with breadcrumbs and fry in boiling fat. Serve on a square of fried bread with chopped parsley scattered over. (Reply to GARDINER.)

Avoid Standing. I wonder why it is that women so often think it necessary to stand to do every kind of housework, when in many cases this attitude is injurious to the health. Don't you know women who at the end of the day say they "have hardly a leg to stand on," simply because they have stood for hours and hours when they could equally well have done their work sitting? Why is it necessary to stand to peel potatoes, shell peas, snuff gooseberries, prepare fruit for cakes, etc.? And then again, when cutting out needlework it is, of course, necessary to stand sometimes, but if you can have a fairly high chair there is a very great deal you can do sitting. Remember this, and you will find at the end of the day that the tired feeling you have experienced before has disappeared.

ISOBEL'S PAPER PATTERNS
ARE THE
CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD.

On account of the enormous size of our paper pattern business, we have introduced into our cutting department all the latest labour-saving appliances known to the scientific world, with the result that our patterns, which are the best in every way, are cut at a minimum cost. We are willing that our readers should share in this economy, so we offer the patterns at half price, viz.: Bodices, 3½d.; Skirts, 4½d.; Costumes, 6½d.; Coats and Skirts, 7½d.; etc., etc. The quality of the patterns is as good, or even better than ever.

Tired Feet. If, when obliged to be on your feet all day, you change your shoes several times for a fresh pair, you will be astonished how much it will rest the tired feet. The reason for this is that no two shoes press the foot in the same part.

To Clean White Straw Hats. Brush well with clean water to remove all dust, and allow to dry. Dissolve a teaspoonful of oxalic acid in a quart of boiling water. Dip the hat into this. Dry, and then stiffen with white of egg or a clean, transparent size. If necessary press the brim with a hot iron. (Reply to FOREST GATE.)

Sago Soup. Take a pint of chicken or mutton stock, free it from fat, flavour nicely with vegetables, and add to it one tablespoonful and a half of fine sago. Boil till the sago becomes clear, which will be in about a quarter of an hour, season with pepper and a suspicion of salt, and pour into a tureen. Scatter a little finely-chopped parsley on the top, and serve at once.

Care of the Cooking Range. I consider the general appearance of the kitchen stove to be an index to the character of the cook who reigns supreme over that department. A careless cook will let her stove look dull and uncared for, her one motive being that it should burn well, in fact so long as it does its work so as to save her trouble she does not care what its appearance is. Let me tell you that a well kept stove lasts much longer than one which is neglected. It should be thoroughly blacklead and polished once every day, either before it is lighted in the morning or after the cooking of the midday meal. Then again, how careless are some cooks when things boil over! They leave the substance to boil away till a hard mass remains, giving no end of trouble to remove it when the stove is cleaned, and often leaving an unsightly mark. A little sand kept handy is useful for this purpose, but as a rule merely rubbing with newspaper which should be burned immediately afterwards, is all that is necessary. Then again, as to the oven. How many houses there are, when the oven is heated, a smell of burning is detected! This comes from the oven not being properly cleaned. An oven wants constant washing, and to be kept as clean as the sauce-pans themselves. A good plan is to have a spoke brush, such as is used for the wheels of carriages, and then directly the cooking is done take some strong soda water and the brush, and thoroughly scrub out the oven. If this is not done, think what objectionable odours must be absorbed by potatoes, milk puddings, and similar kinds of food. These are not pleasant, nor are they wholesome.

Isobel

ADVERTISEMENT SCALE.

Single column, per inch, per insertion	£2 0 0
Double	4 0 0
Full page "inside, facing page" of matter, either white paper or 2nd or 3rd page of cover, or back page, per insertion	100 0 0
Half page	50 0 0
Quarter page	25 0 0
Eighth page	12 10 0
Tenth page	10 0 0
Front page, whole	120 0 0
" half	60 0 0
" quarter	30 0 0
" eighth	15 0 0

All spaces above one-tenth of a page are charged at per cent. for 12 insertions.

Series discount: 5 per cent. for 13, 10 per cent. for 26, 15 per cent. for 52 insertions.

Black blocks are charged 25 per cent. extra. All advertisements subject to approval. All copy must be sent in by Noon on Thursday, May 12, if intended for the issue on sale May 21 and dated May 28. The Proprietors reserve the right to hold over or suspend the insertion of any advertisement without prejudice to other insertions on order. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly" Office, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

1898. APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.	1899. JAN.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.
M 3 10 17 24 T 4 11 18 25 W 5 12 19 26 T 6 13 20 27 F 7 14 21 28 S 8 15 22 29	M 1 8 15 22 29 T 2 9 16 23 30 W 3 10 17 24 31 T 4 11 18 25 F 5 12 19 26 S 6 13 20 27	M 6 13 20 27 T 7 14 21 28 W 8 15 22 29 T 9 16 23 30 F 10 17 24 S 11 18 25	M 12 19 26 31 T 13 20 27 W 14 21 28 T 15 22 29 F 16 23 30 S 17 24	M 18 25 30 T 19 26 31 W 20 27 T 21 28 F 22 29 S 23 30	M 24 31 T 25 W 26 T 27 F 28 S 29	M 29 30 T 31 W T F S	M 5 12 19 26 T 6 13 20 27 W 7 14 21 28 T 8 15 22 29 F 9 16 23 30 S 10 17 24	M 11 18 25 T 12 19 26 W 13 20 27 T 14 21 28 F 15 22 29 S 16 23 30	M 17 24 31 T 18 25 W 19 26 T 20 27 F 21 28 S 22 29	M 23 30 T 24 W 25 T 26 F 27 S 28	M 3 10 17 24 T 4 11 18 25 W 5 12 19 26 T 6 13 20 27 F 7 14 21 28 S 8 15 22 29

Rowntree's ELECT COCOA

Strength, purity, delicacy of flavour, great nourishing properties, and unsurpassed economy in use—these are the qualities claimed for this delicious breakfast and supper beverage, and thousands who have adopted it in preference to all other cocoas have recognised that these claims are well-founded.

Of all Grocers, Chemists, etc. In tins, price 6d., 3d., 1/6, and 3/4.

NEW PRIZE SCHEME. 50,000 Prizes. £3,750 in value. Coupon with every tin. Eighteen coupons collected amongst friends and sent to Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, entitle sender to a prize.

The Lustre Lasts!
Makes No Scratches!



PYN-KA
METAL POLISHER.
leaves no scratches.

The wonderful metal polish. Bur-nishes gold, silver, electro, brass, copper, nickel, tin, &c. No other polish equals it for quick, easy, perfect results. A pennyworth of Pyn-Ka will do more work and better work than three times the sum spent otherwise. Pyn-Ka in tablets and paste, 1d. to 6d. All dealers.

FREE.

Direct special attention to the follow-
ing remarkable statements:

I had a sharp, and
most distressing ten-
sion, two attacks of
dizziness almost de-
stroyed my hearing,
and not only could I
not hear ordinary con-
versation, but I had
a roaring noise in my
head, and was grow-
ing deaf. I had used
many remedies, but
nothing helped me. I
was in a state of great
anxiety, and was
unable to do my work.
I was in a state of
great anxiety, and was
unable to do my work.
I was in a state of
great anxiety, and was
unable to do my work.

Nine years ago my
son, now 15, had scarlet
fever, which caused
discharge from his
ears, and almost totally
destroyed his hearing.
Was troubled with
hissing noises in the
head and dizziness.
He has used Aerial
Medication three
months, in one month
hearing was very much
better, now he can
hear quite well, joins
in general conversa-
tion, and bears all that
is said in an ordinary
manner.—THOMAS WALKER, Gainsley Place,
Widening, Derbyshire.

FREE AND UNSOLICITED.
After three months
of Aerial Medica-
tion, my hearing is
restored, the dis-
charge has quite
ceased; my throat,
which has troubled
me so much, is all
right; I am not hoarse
as before. Con-
fessing that I was
in a state of great
anxiety, and was
unable to do my work.
I was in a state of
great anxiety, and was
unable to do my work.

Four years ago my
grandson, Alfred Davies,
had diphtheria in his
throat, and he became so
deaf that we could hardly
make him understand
conversation at all, and he
was growing worse. He
has used Aerial Medica-
tion three months; and
pleased to state that he
has no difficulty in
making him understand,
his hearing seems quite
restored.—Mrs. Low, 14
Berkeley Street, Edinburgh, N.B.

Medicines
Three Months' Treatment
FREE.
Further introduces Aerial Medication, and
we beyond doubt that it will cure deafness,
throat, and lung diseases. I will, for a
short time, send medicines for three months'
treatment free. Personal consultations by
post only.—For symptom form and
literature, address J. H. MOORE, M.D.,
(A.L.), Dept. H, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.



UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS AND REPEAT ORDERS

Formerly Manufactured for the Trade, but now
distributed to the Public direct. In the two years
they have been before the
public they have made their
way with Great Success.

**UNLAUNDRIED
WHITE SHIRTS**
Straight from the Needle,
IN THREE QUALITIES.
No. 1.—"THE DEFIANCE."
Pure linen, button and front.
A wonderful shirt, 2/6 each;
12/6 half-dozen, post free.
No. 2.—"THE CONQUEROR."
Reverend Cut, to button
back or front, 2/6 each; 12/6
half-dozen, post free.
No. 3.—"THE CITY SHIRT."
1/6 for a duke to
wear. Reversible cut, and to button back or front.
Sample free by post, 2/6, or 12/6 per half-dozen.
Also "THE CITY EVENING SHIRT," with broad
front, one stand-up, and large collar, at same price,
2/6 each.

When ordering mention size of neckband
and say whether to button back or front.

PETTICREW & STEPHENS, Manufacturers,
Dept. 7, 151 SAUCHEHALL ST., GLASGOW.

NEW WAIST BELT
Changes the form of the waist from oval
to round, making it look two to three
inches smaller, though its measurement remains
unaltered. It holds the blouse or
shirt without hooks or clips in the
exact position in which it is placed. Inval-
uable for all sports.
Send waist measure. Price 1/6 per belt, post free, from
F. SCOTT, 60, Bridge Street, Bolton.
No. 1 price 2s. 6d. post free 3s. 6d. No. 2 price 3s. 6d. post free 4s. 6d.
No. 3 price 4s. 6d. post free 5s. 6d. No. 4 price 5s. 6d. post free 6s. 6d.
KINDS LIMITED, Finsbury, London.

PILES CURED
Without taking medicine or
using ointment by
SCOTT'S KIDNEY
CURE. Gives speedy relief from
pain and cures when all
other methods fail. Price 1/6 per box, post free, from
F. SCOTT, 60, Bridge Street, Bolton.

**STEPHENSON'S
FURNITURE
CREAM**
WILL
NOT
FINGER
MARK.

Also NON-MERCURIAL PLATE
POWDER, unsurpassed in quality.
STEPHENSON BROS., BRADFORD.

**Hinde's
HAIR
CURLERS**
Are used without heat. They have no sharp edges to
cut and spoil the hair. They are sold in boxes at
6d. and 1s. in every town and village in the three
Kingdoms.

**KEATING'S
POWDER
IS
USEFUL**
In preserving blankets and furs
from Moths. Sprinkle well with
the Powder before putting away.
KILLS BLACKBEETLES & FLEAS.
Jas 24. 6d. and 1/6 each.

Kkovah

FREE TRIAL
Send us your grocer's name
and address, mention this
paper, and we will forward
free and post paid, a trial
packet value 2s. 6d. Write at
once, a post-card will do,
SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM
LTD., 'Kkovah' Works,
MANCHESTER.

Jellies

PATRONISED BY ROYALTY.
2/6 RACE 5000
SILK UMBRELLAS,
2/6

**"PARKER"
UMBRELLA**
REGISTERED.
Direct from the
Manufacturer.
Ladies' or
Gents' Plain or
Twill Silk.
Parker's Hol-
low Ribbed Frames, carved and mounted Sticks, Sent
Parcel Post Free, 2s. 6d. (25 Stamps). Lin
and Twisted Lin Free. Recovering, Plain or Twill Silk,
Ladies' or Gents', returned next post, 2s. 6d. each.
J. B. Parker, Umbrella Works, Brown Close, Sheffield.

REVERSIBLE CARPETS
DIRECT FROM THE WORKHOUSE. MARVELLOUS
VALUE. The Homelands Reversible Carpets,
with handsome border all round, are woven in one
piece, in artistic designs and colours, and have the
appearance of Tapestry or Brussels Carpets costing
three or six times the price. 6ft. by 9ft. 4s. 6d.; 7ft. by
9ft. 5s. 6d.; 8ft. by 9ft. 6s. 6d.; 9ft. by 9ft. 7s. 6d.; 10ft. by
9ft. 8s. 6d.; 11ft. by 9ft. 9s. 6d.; 12ft. by 9ft. 10s. 6d.;
13ft. by 9ft. 11s. 6d.; 14ft. by 9ft. 12s. 6d.; 15ft. by
9ft. 13s. 6d.; 16ft. by 9ft. 14s. 6d.; 17ft. by 9ft. 15s. 6d.;
18ft. by 9ft. 16s. 6d.; 19ft. by 9ft. 17s. 6d.; 20ft. by
9ft. 18s. 6d.; 21ft. by 9ft. 19s. 6d.; 22ft. by 9ft. 20s. 6d.;
23ft. by 9ft. 21s. 6d.; 24ft. by 9ft. 22s. 6d.; 25ft. by
9ft. 23s. 6d.; 26ft. by 9ft. 24s. 6d.; 27ft. by 9ft. 25s. 6d.;
28ft. by 9ft. 26s. 6d.; 29ft. by 9ft. 27s. 6d.; 30ft. by
9ft. 28s. 6d.; 31ft. by 9ft. 29s. 6d.; 32ft. by 9ft. 30s. 6d.;
33ft. by 9ft. 31s. 6d.; 34ft. by 9ft. 32s. 6d.; 35ft. by
9ft. 33s. 6d.; 36ft. by 9ft. 34s. 6d.; 37ft. by 9ft. 35s. 6d.;
38ft. by 9ft. 36s. 6d.; 39ft. by 9ft. 37s. 6d.; 40ft. by
9ft. 38s. 6d.; 41ft. by 9ft. 39s. 6d.; 42ft. by 9ft. 40s. 6d.;
43ft. by 9ft. 41s. 6d.; 44ft. by 9ft. 42s. 6d.; 45ft. by
9ft. 43s. 6d.; 46ft. by 9ft. 44s. 6d.; 47ft. by 9ft. 45s. 6d.;
48ft. by 9ft. 46s. 6d.; 49ft. by 9ft. 47s. 6d.; 50ft. by
9ft. 48s. 6d.; 51ft. by 9ft. 49s. 6d.; 52ft. by 9ft. 50s. 6d.;
53ft. by 9ft. 51s. 6d.; 54ft. by 9ft. 52s. 6d.; 55ft. by
9ft. 53s. 6d.; 56ft. by 9ft. 54s. 6d.; 57ft. by 9ft. 55s. 6d.;
58ft. by 9ft. 56s. 6d.; 59ft. by 9ft. 57s. 6d.; 60ft. by
9ft. 58s. 6d.; 61ft. by 9ft. 59s. 6d.; 62ft. by 9ft. 60s. 6d.;
63ft. by 9ft. 61s. 6d.; 64ft. by 9ft. 62s. 6d.; 65ft. by
9ft. 63s. 6d.; 66ft. by 9ft. 64s. 6d.; 67ft. by 9ft. 65s. 6d.;
68ft. by 9ft. 66s. 6d.; 69ft. by 9ft. 67s. 6d.; 70ft. by
9ft. 68s. 6d.; 71ft. by 9ft. 69s. 6d.; 72ft. by 9ft. 70s. 6d.;
73ft. by 9ft. 71s. 6d.; 74ft. by 9ft. 72s. 6d.; 75ft. by
9ft. 73s. 6d.; 76ft. by 9ft. 74s. 6d.; 77ft. by 9ft. 75s. 6d.;
78ft. by 9ft. 76s. 6d.; 79ft. by 9ft. 77s. 6d.; 80ft. by
9ft. 78s. 6d.; 81ft. by 9ft. 79s. 6d.; 82ft. by 9ft. 80s. 6d.;
83ft. by 9ft. 81s. 6d.; 84ft. by 9ft. 82s. 6d.; 85ft. by
9ft. 83s. 6d.; 86ft. by 9ft. 84s. 6d.; 87ft. by 9ft. 85s. 6d.;
88ft. by 9ft. 86s. 6d.; 89ft. by 9ft. 87s. 6d.; 90ft. by
9ft. 88s. 6d.; 91ft. by 9ft. 89s. 6d.; 92ft. by 9ft. 90s. 6d.;
93ft. by 9ft. 91s. 6d.; 94ft. by 9ft. 92s. 6d.; 95ft. by
9ft. 93s. 6d.; 96ft. by 9ft. 94s. 6d.; 97ft. by 9ft. 95s. 6d.;
98ft. by 9ft. 96s. 6d.; 99ft. by 9ft. 97s. 6d.; 100ft. by
9ft. 98s. 6d.; 101ft. by 9ft. 99s. 6d.; 102ft. by 9ft. 100s. 6d.;
103ft. by 9ft. 101s. 6d.; 104ft. by 9ft. 102s. 6d.; 105ft. by
9ft. 103s. 6d.; 106ft. by 9ft. 104s. 6d.; 107ft. by 9ft. 105s. 6d.;
108ft. by 9ft. 106s. 6d.; 109ft. by 9ft. 107s. 6d.; 110ft. by
9ft. 108s. 6d.; 111ft. by 9ft. 109s. 6d.; 112ft. by 9ft. 110s. 6d.;
113ft. by 9ft. 111s. 6d.; 114ft. by 9ft. 112s. 6d.; 115ft. by
9ft. 113s. 6d.; 116ft. by 9ft. 114s. 6d.; 117ft. by 9ft. 115s. 6d.;
118ft. by 9ft. 116s. 6d.; 119ft. by 9ft. 117s. 6d.; 120ft. by
9ft. 118s. 6d.; 121ft. by 9ft. 119s. 6d.; 122ft. by 9ft. 120s. 6d.;
123ft. by 9ft. 121s. 6d.; 124ft. by 9ft. 122s. 6d.; 125ft. by
9ft. 123s. 6d.; 126ft. by 9ft. 124s. 6d.; 127ft. by 9ft. 125s. 6d.;
128ft. by 9ft. 126s. 6d.; 129ft. by 9ft. 127s. 6d.; 130ft. by
9ft. 128s. 6d.; 131ft. by 9ft. 129s. 6d.; 132ft. by 9ft. 130s. 6d.;
133ft. by 9ft. 131s. 6d.; 134ft. by 9ft. 132s. 6d.; 135ft. by
9ft. 133s. 6d.; 136ft. by 9ft. 134s. 6d.; 137ft. by 9ft. 135s. 6d.;
138ft. by 9ft. 136s. 6d.; 139ft. by 9ft. 137s. 6d.; 140ft. by
9ft. 138s. 6d.; 141ft. by 9ft. 139s. 6d.; 142ft. by 9ft. 140s. 6d.;
143ft. by 9ft. 141s. 6d.; 144ft. by 9ft. 142s. 6d.; 145ft. by
9ft. 143s. 6d.; 146ft. by 9ft. 144s. 6d.; 147ft. by 9ft. 145s. 6d.;
148ft. by 9ft. 146s. 6d.; 149ft. by 9ft. 147s. 6d.; 150ft. by
9ft. 148s. 6d.; 151ft. by 9ft. 149s. 6d.; 152ft. by 9ft. 150s. 6d.;
153ft. by 9ft. 151s. 6d.; 154ft. by 9ft. 152s. 6d.; 155ft. by
9ft. 153s. 6d.; 156ft. by 9ft. 154s. 6d.; 157ft. by 9ft. 155s. 6d.;
158ft. by 9ft. 156s. 6d.; 159ft. by 9ft. 157s. 6d.; 160ft. by
9ft. 158s. 6d.; 161ft. by 9ft. 159s. 6d.; 162ft. by 9ft. 160s. 6d.;
163ft. by 9ft. 161s. 6d.; 164ft. by 9ft. 162s. 6d.; 165ft. by
9ft. 163s. 6d.; 166ft. by 9ft. 164s. 6d.; 167ft. by 9ft. 165s. 6d.;
168ft. by 9ft. 166s. 6d.; 169ft. by 9ft. 167s. 6d.; 170ft. by
9ft. 168s. 6d.; 171ft. by 9ft. 169s. 6d.; 172ft. by 9ft. 170s. 6d.;
173ft. by 9ft. 171s. 6d.; 174ft. by 9ft. 172s. 6d.; 175ft. by
9ft. 173s. 6d.; 176ft. by 9ft. 174s. 6d.; 177ft. by 9ft. 175s. 6d.;
178ft. by 9ft. 176s. 6d.; 179ft. by 9ft. 177s. 6d.; 180ft. by
9ft. 178s. 6d.; 181ft. by 9ft. 179s. 6d.; 182ft. by 9ft. 180s. 6d.;
183ft. by 9ft. 181s. 6d.; 184ft. by 9ft. 182s. 6d.; 185ft. by
9ft. 183s. 6d.; 186ft. by 9ft. 184s. 6d.; 187ft. by 9ft. 185s. 6d.;
188ft. by 9ft. 186s. 6d.; 189ft. by 9ft. 187s. 6d.; 190ft. by
9ft. 188s. 6d.; 191ft. by 9ft. 189s. 6d.; 192ft. by 9ft. 190s. 6d.;
193ft. by 9ft. 191s. 6d.; 194ft. by 9ft. 192s. 6d.; 195ft. by
9ft. 193s. 6d.; 196ft. by 9ft. 194s. 6d.; 197ft. by 9ft. 195s. 6d.;
198ft. by 9ft. 196s. 6d.; 199ft. by 9ft. 197s. 6d.; 200ft. by
9ft. 198s. 6d.; 201ft. by 9ft. 199s. 6d.; 202ft. by 9ft. 200s. 6d.;
203ft. by 9ft. 201s. 6d.; 204ft. by 9ft. 202s. 6d.; 205ft. by
9ft. 203s. 6d.; 206ft. by 9ft. 204s. 6d.; 207ft. by 9ft. 205s. 6d.;
208ft. by 9ft. 206s. 6d.; 209ft. by 9ft. 207s. 6d.; 210ft. by
9ft. 208s. 6d.; 211ft. by 9ft. 209s. 6d.; 212ft. by 9ft. 210s. 6d.;
213ft. by 9ft. 211s. 6d.; 214ft. by 9ft. 212s. 6d.; 215ft. by
9ft. 213s. 6d.; 216ft. by 9ft. 214s. 6d.; 217ft. by 9ft. 215s. 6d.;
218ft. by 9ft. 216s. 6d.; 219ft. by 9ft. 217s. 6d.; 220ft. by
9ft. 218s. 6d.; 221ft. by 9ft. 219s. 6d.; 222ft. by 9ft. 220s. 6d.;
223ft. by 9ft. 221s. 6d.; 224ft. by 9ft. 222s. 6d.; 225ft. by
9ft. 223s. 6d.; 226ft. by 9ft. 224s. 6d.; 227ft. by 9ft. 225s. 6d.;
228ft. by 9ft. 226s. 6d.; 229ft. by 9ft. 227s. 6d.; 230ft. by
9ft. 228s. 6d.; 231ft. by 9ft. 229s. 6d.; 232ft. by 9ft. 230s. 6d.;
233ft. by 9ft. 231s. 6d.; 234ft. by 9ft. 232s. 6d.; 235ft. by
9ft. 233s. 6d.; 236ft. by 9ft. 234s. 6d.; 237ft. by 9ft. 235s. 6d.;
238ft. by 9ft. 236s. 6d.; 239ft. by 9ft. 237s. 6d.; 240ft. by
9ft. 238s. 6d.; 241ft. by 9ft. 239s. 6d.; 242ft. by 9ft. 240s. 6d.;
243ft. by 9ft. 241s. 6d.; 244ft. by 9ft. 242s. 6d.; 245ft. by
9ft. 243s. 6d.; 246ft. by 9ft. 244s. 6d.; 247ft. by 9ft. 245s. 6d.;
248ft. by 9ft. 246s. 6d.; 249ft. by 9ft. 247s. 6d.; 250ft. by
9ft. 248s. 6d.; 251ft. by 9ft. 249s. 6d.; 252ft. by 9ft. 250s. 6d.;
253ft. by 9ft. 251s. 6d.; 254ft. by 9ft. 252s. 6d.; 255ft. by
9ft. 253s. 6d.; 256ft. by 9ft. 254s. 6d.; 257ft. by 9ft. 255s. 6d.;
258ft. by 9ft. 256s. 6d.; 259ft. by 9ft. 257s. 6d.; 260ft. by
9ft. 258s. 6d.; 261ft. by 9ft. 259s. 6d.; 262ft. by 9ft. 260s. 6d.;
263ft. by 9ft. 261s. 6d.; 264ft. by 9ft. 262s. 6d.; 265ft. by
9ft. 263s. 6d.; 266ft. by 9ft. 264s. 6d.; 267ft. by 9ft. 265s. 6d.;
268ft. by 9ft. 266s. 6d.; 269ft. by 9ft. 267s. 6d.; 270ft. by
9ft. 268s. 6d.; 271ft. by 9ft. 269s. 6d.; 272ft. by 9ft. 270s. 6d.;
273ft. by 9ft. 271s. 6d.; 274ft. by 9ft. 272s. 6d.; 275ft. by
9ft. 273s. 6d.; 276ft. by 9ft. 274s. 6d.; 277ft. by 9ft. 275s. 6d.;
278ft. by 9ft. 276s. 6d.; 279ft. by 9ft. 277s. 6d.; 280ft. by
9ft. 278s. 6d.; 281ft. by 9ft. 279s. 6d.; 282ft. by 9ft. 280s. 6d.;
283ft. by 9ft. 281s. 6d.; 284ft. by 9ft. 282s. 6d.; 285ft. by
9ft. 283s. 6d.; 286ft. by 9ft. 284s. 6d.; 287ft. by 9ft. 285s. 6d.;
288ft. by 9ft. 286s. 6d.; 289ft. by 9ft. 287s. 6d.; 290ft. by
9ft. 288s. 6d.; 291ft. by 9ft. 289s. 6d.; 292ft. by 9ft. 290s. 6d.;
293ft. by 9ft. 291s. 6d.; 294ft. by 9ft. 292s. 6d.; 295ft. by
9ft. 293s. 6d.; 296ft. by 9ft. 294s. 6d.; 297ft. by 9ft. 295s. 6d.;
298ft. by 9ft. 296s. 6d.; 299ft. by 9ft. 297s. 6d.; 300ft. by
9ft. 298s. 6d.; 301ft. by 9ft. 299s. 6d.; 302ft. by 9ft. 300s. 6d.;
303ft. by 9ft. 301s. 6d.; 304ft. by 9ft. 302s. 6d.; 305ft. by
9ft. 303s. 6d.; 306ft. by 9ft. 304s. 6d.; 307ft. by 9ft. 305s. 6d.;
308ft. by 9ft. 306s. 6d.; 309ft. by 9ft. 307s. 6d.; 310ft. by
9ft. 308s. 6d.; 311ft. by 9ft. 309s. 6d.; 312ft. by 9ft. 310s. 6d.;
313ft. by 9ft. 311s. 6d.; 314ft. by 9ft. 312s. 6d.; 315ft. by
9ft. 313s. 6d.; 316ft. by 9ft. 314s. 6d.; 317ft. by 9ft. 315s. 6d.;
318ft. by 9ft. 316s. 6d.; 319ft. by 9ft. 317s. 6d.; 320ft. by
9ft. 318s. 6d.; 321ft. by 9ft. 319s. 6d.; 322ft. by 9ft. 320s. 6d.;
323ft. by 9ft. 321s. 6d.; 324ft. by 9ft. 322s. 6d.; 325ft. by
9ft. 323s. 6d.; 326ft. by 9ft. 324s. 6d.; 327ft. by 9ft. 325s. 6d.;
328ft. by 9ft. 326s. 6d.; 329ft. by 9ft. 327s. 6d.; 330ft. by
9ft. 328s. 6d.; 331ft. by 9ft. 329s. 6d.; 332ft. by 9ft. 330s. 6d.;
333ft. by 9ft. 331s. 6d.; 334ft. by 9ft. 332s. 6d.; 335ft. by
9ft. 333s. 6d.; 336ft. by 9ft. 334s. 6d.; 337ft. by 9ft. 335s. 6d.;
338ft. by 9ft. 336s. 6d.; 339ft. by 9ft. 337s. 6d.; 340ft. by
9ft. 338s. 6d.; 341ft. by 9ft. 339s. 6d.; 342ft. by 9ft. 340s. 6d.;
343ft. by 9ft. 341s. 6d.; 344ft. by 9ft. 342s. 6d.; 345ft. by
9ft. 343s. 6d.; 346ft. by 9ft. 344s. 6d.; 347ft. by 9ft. 345s. 6d.;
348ft. by 9ft. 346s. 6d.; 349ft. by 9ft. 347s. 6d.; 350ft. by
9ft. 348s. 6d.; 351ft. by 9ft. 349s. 6d.; 352ft. by 9ft. 350s. 6d.;
353ft. by 9ft. 351s. 6d.; 354ft. by 9ft. 352s. 6d.; 355ft. by
9ft. 353s. 6d.; 356ft. by 9ft. 354s. 6d.; 357ft. by 9ft. 355s. 6d.;
358ft. by 9ft. 356s. 6d.; 359ft. by 9ft. 357s. 6d.; 360ft. by
9ft. 358s. 6d.; 361ft. by 9ft. 359s. 6d.; 362ft. by 9ft. 360s. 6d.;
363ft. by 9ft. 361s. 6d.; 364ft. by 9ft. 362s. 6d.; 365ft. by
9ft. 363s. 6d.; 366ft. by 9ft. 364s. 6d.; 367ft. by 9ft. 365s. 6d.;
368ft. by 9ft. 366s. 6d.; 369ft. by 9ft. 367s. 6d.; 370ft. by
9ft. 368s. 6d.; 371ft. by 9ft. 369s. 6d.; 372ft. by 9ft. 370s. 6d.;
373ft. by 9ft. 371s. 6d.; 374ft. by 9ft. 372s. 6d.; 375ft. by
9ft. 373s. 6d.; 376ft. by 9ft. 374s. 6d.; 377ft. by 9ft. 375s. 6d.;
378ft. by 9ft. 376s. 6d.; 379ft. by 9ft. 377s. 6d.; 380ft. by
9ft. 378s. 6d.; 381ft. by 9ft. 379s. 6d.; 382ft. by 9ft. 380s. 6d.;
383ft. by 9ft. 381s. 6d.; 384ft. by 9ft. 382s. 6d.; 385ft. by
9ft. 383s. 6d.; 386ft. by 9ft. 384s. 6d.; 387ft. by 9ft. 385s. 6d.;
388ft. by 9ft. 386s. 6d.; 389ft. by 9ft. 387s. 6d.; 390ft. by
9ft. 388s. 6d.; 391ft. by 9ft. 389s. 6d.; 392ft. by 9ft. 390s. 6d.;
393ft. by 9ft. 391s. 6d.; 394ft. by 9ft. 392s. 6d.; 395ft. by
9ft. 393s. 6d.; 396ft. by 9ft. 394s. 6d.; 397ft. by 9ft. 395s. 6d.;
398ft. by 9ft. 396s. 6d.; 399ft. by 9ft. 397s. 6d.; 400ft. by
9ft. 398s. 6d.; 401ft. by 9ft. 399s. 6d.; 402ft. by 9ft. 400s. 6d.;
403ft. by 9ft. 401s. 6d.; 404ft. by 9ft. 402s. 6d.; 405ft. by
9ft. 403s. 6d.; 406ft. by 9ft. 404s. 6d.; 407ft. by 9ft. 405s. 6d.;
408ft. by 9ft. 406s. 6d.; 409ft. by 9ft. 407s. 6d.; 410ft. by
9ft. 408s. 6d.; 411ft. by 9ft. 409s. 6d.; 412ft. by 9ft. 410s. 6d.;
413ft. by 9ft. 411s. 6d.; 414ft. by 9ft. 412s. 6d.; 415ft. by
9ft. 413s. 6d.; 416ft. by 9ft. 414s. 6d.; 417ft. by 9ft. 415s. 6d.;
418ft. by 9ft. 416s. 6d.; 419ft. by 9ft. 417s. 6d.; 420ft. by
9ft. 418s. 6d.; 421ft. by 9ft. 419s. 6d.; 422ft. by 9ft. 420s. 6d.;
423ft. by 9ft. 421s. 6d.; 424ft. by 9ft. 422s. 6d.; 425ft. by
9ft. 423

THE THOUGHT EXCHANGE.

THAT new War Story of ours is going to be one of the biggest things in the journalistic world. It is absolutely the first serial tale dealing with a war ever published while hostilities were actually taking place. The scene is laid on the very spot to which the eyes of the whole civilised world are at this moment turned, and the events, as they occur in this arena of war, are immediately woven into the thread of the story, imparting to it a freshness that is absent from the dry, reiterated phraseology of the newspapers. I am not content with asking my readers to start in with this magnificent piece of literature. I know very well that all those who are in the habit of reading serials will begin it, while those who never peruse continued stories will not regard my advice. What I want all of you to do is to tell one or more of your friends about this story, and ask them to get a copy of P.W. and begin at once. The summary which appears this week will enable them to start without losing any of the salient points.

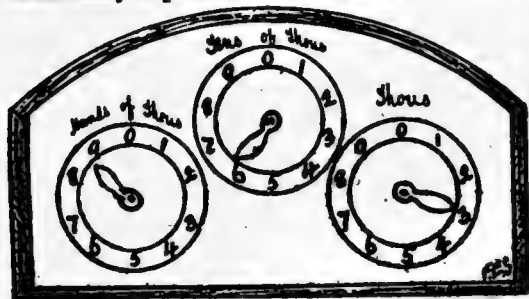
H. T. L. is a builder, and is getting alarmed because in most of the towns every square yard of ground available for building purposes is rapidly being used up, and he is afraid that the building trade will ere long be a thing of the past. While houses continue to be erected in the deplorable manner that nine out of ten are, the future of the builder is perfectly assured. In the outskirts of our big towns and at the rapidly rising watering places, flimsily-built domiciles are run up in feverish haste, only to literally fall to pieces before a dozen years have passed. And so long as this rapid erection of shoddy buildings is encouraged, the bricklayer and mason need never worry.

THE prize for the correct translation of the paragraph appearing in the article, "Cables and Dispatches that are sent in Cipher," has been awarded to Mr. A. Walker, Hop Exchange, Southwark, S.E., whose attempt first came to hand. The message, as it appeared in the newspapers, ran as follows:

CANEA, Feb. 23.—A fire has broken out at the Palace, which is situated close to the telegraph office. The building is constructed entirely of wood. The fire is believed to be due to an accident.

WELL, well! To think that an Englishman should object to my endeavours to avoid hurting the feelings of my good Scotch friends. J. A. J. considers that in the first place there was no justification for publishing the article on "What Scotsmen Have Done to Make England Great," for the conclusion he draws from it is that "an Englishman is all right so long as he has one in kilts to look after him." And, secondly, he strongly objects to my using the word Great Britain instead of England, and that if Scotsmen object, I ought to tell them to go and start an opposition paper if they don't like this one. I just publish these few facts to show what it is that is rapidly turning your poor old editor's hair white.

THE gas meter indicator shown here has got out of order, and is consequently a bit more inaccurate even than an ordinary gas meter. The centre parts which turn the pointers have got worn, with the result that when the pointers begin to move from zero, they immediately slip down to the figure 1. If you will



look at the dials, you will see that 863,000 cubic feet have been consumed—which is incorrect. What is the right quantity? A solid gold pencil-case will be awarded to the sender of the first correct solution, and fifty gold-plated pencil-cases to the senders of the fifty nearest. All attempts to reach THE GAS METER EDITOR by Monday, May 16th, on post-cards.

"PAPER-MAKERS are the greatest magicians of the age, because they transfer beggars' rage into sheets for editors to lie on." If the gentleman who forwarded the post-card to this office on Tuesday last, bearing the above inscription will call here any time between 8.30 a.m. and 9 p.m., we shall be pleased to "put him to bed" with or without sheets, as he may prefer.

IN the number of SHORT STORIES published on Tuesday, May 10th, appears the first set of pictures in a great War Competition. This competition consists of pictures depicting the names of the places, vessels, and men most conspicuously associated with the two countries who are now fighting. As most of the names have already appeared in the daily papers, readers should find an additional interest in the competition.

K. M. T.—The Emperor of Germany has the right to wear a greater number of uniforms than any other potentate, but with a modesty that is really inconsistent with his general demeanour, he never wears more than one at a time.

JONATHAN asks why we talk of people "signing" their names instead of "writing" them. Because in old days everybody used to make the sign of the cross when appending their names to documents, as a symbol that they pledged themselves by their Christian faith to the truth of the matter to which their cognomens were affixed.

IGNORAMUS.—Don't apologise for your alleged stupidity. Your idea is an excellent one. The fact that so many lives are lost by people falling overboard at sea is due to the time it takes for the vessel to slow down. By the time a boat is lowered, the distance between the drowning person and the ship is very considerable, and your suggestion that a miniature rocket apparatus should be fixed to the stern of every sea-going vessel, which could throw a life buoy to a distance of several hundred yards, is one that should commend itself to the attention of the Trinity House authorities.

O. S. G.—London pays nearly a third of the whole income tax of England.

G. H. M. frequently comes across the word sic in brackets after some expression, and he cannot understand the use of it. It simply indicates that the word or expression preceding is printed as it is written. In reading a printed extract from a letter you will observe occasionally, after a misspelling, the word sic. This shows that no corrections or alterations have been made. The expression is used in the following paragraph.

A BRITISHER is essentially a journalist. The spirit of newspaper enterprise is found even in the most out-of-the-way parts of the world, where only the soldier has yet penetrated. Lance-Corporal J. Duff, military signaller in the Tachi Valley Field Force, Waziristan, sends me a copy of the first number of THE TACHI TIMES AND WAZIRI PIONEER, which is published at Miranshah. It consists of eight pages, and the copies are produced by means of a copying apparatus. According to the manager's notice, "the terms are one rupee a month, post free, payable in advance, and in the event of the Field Force being broken up before the expiration of the month, or from any other unforeseen cause the paper does not appear regularly, subscriptions will not be returned." Contributions are invited, "which may or may not be paid for—it all depends upon the financial condition of the paper, the object being to make it entirely self-supporting." It is further specified: "That no advertisements from persons offering to give the latest tip as to when the Field Force will be broken up will be published in this paper." Also, "in common with the PINK 'UN we also wish to disclaim any connection with the other TIMES." The last page consists of advertisements, half being devoted to a notice of books in active "preparation" (sic), the other half-page being taken up with an advertisement of "the only hair-cutter in the camp. Hair cut while you wait, with neatness and dispatch, any time of the day or night at the 80lb. tent nearest the cook house, next to the camel ground. Customers are requested to bring their own combs, the one in stock being worn out." Such is British journalistic enterprise. All I can say is that I wish T. T. T. every possible success.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.—There are about eighty places in this country—mostly churches or buildings connected with churches—which contained one or more chained Bibles within the last century. In Hereford Cathedral there is still a chained library. The collection consists of nearly 2,000 volumes, of which about 1,500 are chained. The book shelves are placed back to back in upright places with a reading desk at each end. Each book is clamped with iron and fastened by a chain to an iron rod that runs along each shelf. Each book can be taken from its place and made to slide along the rod and thus brought to the reading-desk at the end.

F. D. F. M. has, in common with many other people, wondered why dabs of white are put on the windows of newly-built houses. The reason is because workmen are not always of a particularly careful nature, and as, perhaps, half the windows in the house are glazed, and the other half without glass, they do not pause to discriminate between the two, and fling half-bricks and balks of timber into the rooms.

ABBREVIATE.—K.C.V.O. signifies Knight Commander of the Victorian Order, and L.A.C., Licentiate of the Apothecaries' Company.

A READER writes:

I enclose a cutting from last night's EVENING HERALD (Dublin), which comes in a propos of the article in the current issue of P.W. on "Old Moore's Napping."

"Old Moore has made a very bad break over the Spanish-American war. His last word for the month of April is: 'Rumours of war will be heard, but little attention need be paid to them. It is probable that the nations in disagreement will be forced to sink their differences by a strong combination of the other Powers.'"

H. T. HEAD.—You are quite right. There are more like your friend in this world. One may liken them to the bottom figures of vulgar fractions, bigger they try to be, the less they really stand for.

A PARISH CLERK asks me to inform him when the word "Amen" was first used. It is probable that the word, which has filtered through several languages, is really of Persian origin. "Amen, amen," you may hear shouted from the throats of defeated soldiers on the Persian battlefield, signifying "Have pity, I implore, I beg." And it might well be considered a more appropriate ending of the word than the grim "So be it," which is suggested by the use of "Amen" in Hebrew.

REGINALD has been much amused by hearing the words of command given in the barrack square, and wants to know why it is that officers and non-commissioned officers use the English language so much as to make the expressions absolutely unintelligible to ordinary ears. Possibly because it is so much easier to shout the words in their transmogrified form than it is to say the correct expressions. Here are a few which may interest you: Hix-brita (fix bayonets); hum-swur (as you were); ho-frun-sease-steady (front, stand at ease, stand easy); J. nibs (shoulder arms); toody hips (shoulder arms); kars—steady (markers—steady).

THIS week I wish to make a special appeal to those persons who last year were generous enough to take the collecting of small donations among their friends and acquaintances on behalf of the FRENCH AIR FUND. In view of the fact that the idea of a street collection for this season has been abandoned, you will realise the necessity for a more strenuous effort to make up the four or five hundred pounds that has in the past been collected on this special day. Instead, therefore, of having tables and boxes and handbills scattered through the Metropolis on some special Saturday, I want my readers to send along a post-card to this office asking for a collection sheet, which shall be sent them post-free. This form contains particulars of the object of the FRENCH AIR FUND, so that there is no necessity for them to spend time explaining the reason for its existence. Most of my readers are two busy for this. More particularly would I ask my little boy and girl friends to do their best for their less fortunate fellow children. Perhaps they don't have a great deal of spare time now when they are busy at school and with home lessons, but it doesn't require very much time to ask some of your friends to give a shilling or two towards this FUND; and, remember, that to the sender of any amount over one pound I will give a gold-plated pencil-case or a penknife, just as the collector wishes.

ARE you a cyclist? If so, let me tell you that Messrs. Johnson and Webb, of Friar Street Works, Long Eaton, have just placed on the market an eye-guard, which they guarantee will keep out all small flies and dust, and they have promised to give the whole of the amount received for the first 400 retail orders to the F.A.F. The price of the article is a shilling. Here is a chance for you to combine charity with comfort while cycling.

Amount Previously Acknowledged, £462 16s. 6d.

Amos, 5s.; H. Edwards, 2s. 6d.; A. S., 10s.; The Father of the 10s.; Holidays, 5s.; James Wilson Biggs's Third Birthday, 10s.; G. G. C., 5s.; J. Crabbe, 20s.; Lever Brothers, Limited, 10s.; E. C. Talby, 1s.; A. P. and Friends, 4s. 6d.; Lenten Savings from Value Children, 1s. 7d.; Oddington, B.H.A., 5s.; S. G. N., 6s. 11d.; Christian Knapp, 2s.; Edith, W.B., 5d.; P. T. Adamson, 21 1s.; E. H. G., 5s.; J. J. Carey, 5s.; M. B. (Leicester), 2s.; G. T. Gadsdon, 21 1s.; B. R. P., 9d.; L. Y. H., 1s.; C. White, 6d.; Starlight, 1s.; Koleson, 5s.; J. Pepple, 4d.; Miss Foster, 2s. 6d.; Weekly Reader, 1s.; J. S., 5s.; H. Keighley, 1s.; A. Poor Old Navy on the Railroad, 6s.; Juniper, 5s. 6d.; Canon Bros., 1s.; Apr., 2s.

COLLECTED:

J. Carruthers, 21 1s.; C. Weingott, 4s. 3d.

GRAND TOTAL, £497 17s. 4d.

POSTAL RATES.

Name of Publication.	One Year	Half Year	Three Months
Pearson's Weekly	8 8	4 4	2 2
Home Notes	8 8	4 4	2 2
Short Stories	6 6	3 3	1 8
The Sunday Reader	8 8	4 4	2 2
Athletic Record	6 6	3 3	1 8
Pearson's Magazine	9 0	4 6	2 3
Dreaming at Home	2 6	—	—
Recipes for Children	2 6	—	—
Home Cookery	1 6	—	—

ALL POST FREE.

Offices: Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Registered Telegraphic Address—

"HUMOURSOME, LONDON."

Messrs. R. A. THOMPSON & Co. are our Sole Agents for the West (180 Pitt Street), Melbourne (221 Little Collins Street), Brisbane (100 Queen Street), Adelaide (7 King William Street), and Cape Town (100 Long Street).

P.W. can be obtained in Paris at Neal's Library, 248 Rue d'Orléans, and at the principal bookshops.

Printed and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

IF YOU SEE IT IN P.W., IT'S SO.

ASTHMA,

LUNG TROUBLES, BLOOD-SPITTING,
BRONCHITIS, SHORTNESS OF BREATH,
EMPHYSEMA, HAY FEVER, Etc.

Those suffering from the above receive POST FREE particulars of my Special Cure, which is NOT OF A TRANSIENT BUT A TRACEABLE LASTING EFFECT, not only combating single symptoms, but removing the causes of those diseases. Therefore a PERMANENT CURE is assured.

TRIBUTE OF MEDICAL MEN.

I have tried the treatment on myself, and have practised it for fifteen years on many thousands of special cases with the best results, and many medical men have acknowledged to me that my cure is a successful one. Here are three such testimonials:

Dr. W., of L., writes: "I have carefully studied your instructions, and find them not only scientifically correct, but also satisfactory in the way of embodying the latest researches."

Dr. H., of M., writes: "I find your Cure Formula perfect, and am quite convinced of the advantages of your directions."

Dr. K., of P. (80 years of age), writes: "My asthma has decreased very much by the use of your treatment, and I hope to have a continuance of your advice, in which I have the utmost confidence."

Officially-confirmed letters of thanks testify to surprising successes by patients who have suffered for 30 years, and more, though in advanced years—say, 70 to 80. Many are cured after having been given up as incurable. No interference with daily occupation. Send description of complaint, and mention if you suffer from COLD FEET.

TESTIMONY OF CLERGYMEN.

The Rev. Chas. S. writes: "I am quite certain if I had not obtained your most excellent advice I should have been knocked down again by the complaint and could not have survived this time. Therefore may God in Heaven bless you for the good you have done me, for I am feeling my old self again, and able to work as in my younger days."

The Rev. F., of P., writes: "I truly confess that I am a very enthusiastic admirer of your treatment."

Sufferers! act in your own interest by trying a real cure instead of only relieving remedies.

Send at once description of complaint, and also say if you suffer from COLD FEET, to

PAUL WEIDHAAS, PULMONARY INSTITUTE,
39E YORK ROAD, BRIGHTON.
Practice since 1881.

A FEW OF A VAST NUMBER OF TESTIMONIALS CHRONIC BRONCHITIS and THREATENED CONSUMPTION CURED.

"My little boy had a very bad attack of bronchitis, which left him with a cough and very weak. He was getting worse year after year. He was so bad at times that he could not go out, his breathing was so bad. When he went to bed he would shriek out as if he were being choked. He would jump up in bed in fright night after night, and the night sweats were shocking. Perspiration would run down his face. Yet all we did for him seemed to do him no good. The attacks came back on the least change in the weather. I took him to and from the Children's Hospital for some time, but he did not get any better. They told me it was chronic bronchitis, and they feared consumption. Then I saw the testimonials of Paul Weidhaas, and he went under his treatment. Thank God! I can say he has cured my poor boy, after four years' suffering, and saved him from an early grave. I feel sure I should not have had him long, and now to see him—it hardly seems true—once more a strong, healthy boy. We feel sure if poor mothers only knew of this cure there would not be so many little sufferers. I can never thank you enough, kind sir, for what you have done for my child. I shall be very pleased to see anyone who likes to come. May God bless you wherever you go.—From a thankful Mother, E. SCURR, Brighton. (Address on application.)



better. They told me it was chronic bronchitis, and they feared consumption. Then I saw the testimonials of Paul Weidhaas, and he went under his treatment. Thank God! I can say he has cured my poor boy, after four years' suffering, and saved him from an early grave. I feel sure I should not have had him long, and now to see him—it hardly seems true—once more a strong, healthy boy. We feel sure if poor mothers only knew of this cure there would not be so many little sufferers. I can never thank you enough, kind sir, for what you have done for my child. I shall be very pleased to see anyone who likes to come. May God bless you wherever you go.—From a thankful Mother, E. SCURR, Brighton. (Address on application.)

ASTHMA and BRONCHITIS CURED.

"I cannot forbear expressing to you my very best thanks for the cure of my painful asthma and bronchitis, accompanied with singing, whistling, rattling noises in the chest. I had taken all remedies which were prescribed for me, but without success. I had no rest at night; I had to sit in bed and gasp for breath, and cough continually; I thought I should suffocate; I could get no relief from doctors; they said it was chronic. In fact, I never expected to walk again. I feel I cannot be too thankful for the direction of Providence which led me to Mr. Weidhaas' treatment, by which I have the pleasure of saying I can now walk, eat, drink, sleep—in fact, do anything. The first time I went out after I commenced the treatment was in the frost and snow, and I am happy to say I have had no return of asthma since. I express to Mr. Weidhaas my very best thanks for all the trouble which he has taken in my case, and shall have much pleasure in recommending his treatment to all fellow-sufferers.—Mrs. M. J. CHAPPLE, Horrabridge." (Address on application.)



ASTHMA COMBINED WITH INDIGESTION (after 10 years' standing) CURED.

"I am deeply grateful to Mr. Weidhaas for what he has done for me. For 10 years I was a great sufferer from asthma and indigestion, and little did I think when I applied to him that he would cure me. The attacks generally occurred twice a week, after exertion or inhaling dust, and at night my breathing became so bad that I could not lie down, but had to sit up in bed. The attacks were accompanied with great pain in the chest and wheezing; also tightness and palpitation of the heart, leaving me next morning as weak as a child. I tried several remedies, which only gave me temporary relief. Seeing Mr. Weidhaas' advertisement, I applied to him, and after eight weeks' treatment, was very much better, which finally resulted in a thorough cure of the complaint. My case was very deep-seated, and I may say I was never better than at present. I can now go to bed assured of a good night's rest; in fact, I feel different altogether. I can recommend Mr. Weidhaas' treatment to all who suffer from asthma, as it is effected without the aid of drugs or chemicals, for while these may give some relief, they can never cure.—E. HILL, Stroud, Gloucester." (Full address on application.)



LUNG DISEASE CURED (20 years' standing).

Sir,—It is with grateful and sincere thanks that I testify to the great success of your excellent treatment in my case. For these past twenty years I have suffered with my chest, and during the last six years have been subject to frequent attacks of Bronchitis, with wheezing at chest, incessant cough, and great expectoration; and last winter I had such repeated attacks, and could not lie down for fear of being suffocated, that I quite thought I was not long for this world. I had tried various remedies and doctors, but of no avail, that I quite despaired of ever recovering permanently. I read of your treatment, and I thought I would try it, and after persevering a few weeks I certainly began to improve, and strictly following and continuing your advice, I am now in splendid health, and take no cold, and can walk miles. Stronger and better than I have been for years. In fact, I am, and my friends tell me, a new woman owing to your simple and marvellous treatment; and such remedies as yours, I feel, ought to be known far and wide.—Yours, (Mrs.) ANNIE C. TICKELL, Manor Park, E. (Full address on application.)

PAUL WEIDHAAS, PULMONARY INSTITUTE,
39E YORK ROAD, BRIGHTON.
Practice since 1881.

THE NEW LEMONADE.

2 Gallons for 4½d.

Many people suffer from extreme thirst during the hot weather. Messrs. Foster Clark & Co. have supplied the want that has so long been felt by making a concentrated lemonade, which is far more economical than the ordinary lemonade. It is made from the finest lemons, and the great advantage is that it is partly manufactured in Italy, in the midst of the lemon orchards. The lemons are taken direct from the trees to the factory to commence their transformation into the Eifel Tower Lemonade. You can get thirty-two tumblers (or two gallons) for fourpence halfpenny. If you cannot get it from your grocer, send sixpence to G. FOSTER CLARK & CO., No. 27 Eifel Tower Factory, Maidstone. Sole manufacturers of "EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE."

£52,500
Absolutely Given Away

FREE GIFTS, value 3s. 6d. each, to the first 250,000 PURCHASERS of

WOLFF'S IMPERISHABLE EGYPTIAN MARKING INK.

In order to still further increase the sale of WOLFF'S IMPERISHABLE EGYPTIAN MARKING INK, in Red and Black, we will give away gratis to each purchaser of a bottle of our MARKING INK, Post Free, 3s. 6d.

HALL-MARKED SILVER BROOCH

OR

HALL-MARKED SILVER PAIR SLEEVE LINKS.

Said by many Jewellers at 2s. 6d. each and more.

WOLFF'S EGYPTIAN MARKING INKS

require no heating or preparation, are very liquid, may be used with any ordinary pen, and are not washed immediately after marking. Will not injure the most linen.

THESE FREE GIFTS

are given purely to advertise our MARKING INK. They are **HALL-MARKED STERLING SILVER, EGYPTIAN MARKING INK**, and sold by many Jewellers at 2s. 6d. and more. There are **NO CONDITIONS ATTACHED TO THIS UNPRECEDENTED OFFER.**

Each purchaser of a 2s. bottle of Marking Ink (and we give double the quantity usually sold at the price) will receive a BOTTLE of these

VALUABLE PRESENTS.

Please say whether you require a BROOCH or PAIR OF SLEEVE LINKS, and Red or Black Marking Ink, and send this paper.

S. WOLFF & CO.,
82 MILTON ST., LONDON, E.C.

The Best Cure For Headache

is that which relieves the sufferer immediately, however serious the headache. One of the most wonderful discoveries of modern times, strongly recommended by the *Lancet* and *British Medical Journal*, and which has a marvellous instantaneous power of curing headaches is

Bishop's Citrate of Caffeine.

It acts as an invigorating tonic for the tired body and over-worked brain, is pleasant to take and most refreshing. Test it and take care that the label bears the name of Alfred Bishop. Of all chemists, 1/11 & 1/2.

THE PLAIN TRUTH TELLS

"JUNO" CYCLES ARE THE BEST

THE JUNO
Diamonds 210; 163 monthly. Lady's or Gentleman's, £12 12s. 6d. monthly. £14 14s. 6d. monthly. Write for New Season's List of JUNO Cycles and Accessories, sent post free, to **W. B. BISHOP, 21, L. St. W. 1/11 & 1/2**, Bishops Cleeve, W. Riding School, 1, 17001.

CASH DIE & CARRIAGE PAID

DON'T THROW AWAY OLD UMBRELLAS

With favourite sticks, when you can have them Recovered with "Defoliant" Silk (Regd.), which will not split or change colour. Price from 2s. 6d. each. Write for Pattern Book and Price List, post free, to **Stanworth's Umbrella Manufactory, Burnley.**

FRIELLED BUTTER MUSLIN.

White, Cream, Ecru, and 12 Art Shades. Curtains, frilled two sides and bottom, 3yd. long, 58in. wide, 4/9 per pair. May also be had by the yard, 88in. wide, frilled both sides, 11yd. per yard. Sample Book of Patterns and Figures sent on approval. **ROLLER BLINDS**, edged with Lace or Fringe, from 4/6. Sample Book of Materials on approval. Roman Carports, Cretonnes, Tapestries, Art Linens, Art Silks, Flannel, Art Serges, &c. Patterns sent on approval. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Heavy Curtains, Carpets, Rugs, Blankets, Quilts, Post Free. **E. Goringe & Co., 60a Dept., Nottingham.**

CHEERFUL HAPPY HOMES. CAMPBELL'S Gold Medal MELODEONS

With Organ and Celestial Tone, and Charming Bell Accompaniment. **NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE.** The solemn Psalm, the soul-stirring Hymn, the cheerful Song and the Merry Dance, can all be played on the charming instruments. No knowledge of Music required.

SPECIAL OFFER to the Readers of "PEARSON'S WEEKLY."
Campbell's "Gem" Melodeon Price only 6/9
Campbell's "Miniature" Melodeon " 10/6
Campbell's "Paragon" Melodeon " 14/6
Campbell's "Favourite" Melodeon " 18/6
Cut out this and send P.O. for the amount. Either sent carriage paid in Gt. Britain & Ireland.

300,000 TESTIMONIALS.
Professor BROWN, the Champion Melodeon Player of Great Britain, Ireland, and Wales, says: "Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the finest instruments that have ever come under my touch, and they only require a trial to advertise themselves." All lovers of music should at once send for Campbell's Illustrated Privilege Price List of all kinds of Musical Instruments for 1898. 130,000 of these valuable Lists sent out yearly. Send Penny Stamp to **CAMPBELL & CO., Musical Instrument Makers, 110 Trongate, GLASGOW.** Established 50 years.

FREE TO ALL.

Our 60s. SILVER WATCH & CHAIN, who comply with this advertisement and the offer which we shall send. It would be ridiculous to expect us to continue to give away these Watches and Chains for any length of time, so kindly send at once if you wish to secure one. This is our first advertisement, and by it we are determined to bring our name before the public.

Our 60s. SILVER WATCH & CHAIN,

For 1s. 6d. we will send an 18-carat Gold-plated Brooch or Scarf Pin, together with our marvellous offer; and on your complying with offer, we shall forward, entirely free of any charge, our 60s. Watch and Chain. Understand, we charge no money for these Watches and Chains. Number is limited. Money refunded in full if sent in too late. Send 1s. 6d. with stamped addressed envelope.

WHAT A GENTLEMAN SAYS OF OUR FREE GIFT SILVER WATCH AND CHAIN:

"GENTLEMEN.—I beg to thank you for the handsome present which came to hand on Tuesday evening. I simply answered your advertisement, thinking it was only a fraud, but to my pleasant surprise I received a silver watch and chain. I wish your company every possible success, and I will recommend you to all my friends. You may make what use of this you like if it will be to your advantage.—I remain, yours truly, "W. STAVELEY."

WHAT A LADY SAYS:

"Inglisby House, 18 High Street, Redcar. "DEAR SIRS.—I must say, think it is a most beautiful little watch and chain a most handsome present, for which I return you many thanks. If you should think proper to make use of these few lines you are at liberty to do so.—Yours respectfully, "E. STUBBARD."

KEITH & CO. (Dept. 46),
230 SAUCHINCHALL ST., GLASGOW.

NO MORE READY-MADE CLOTHING. BAKER BROTHERS,

WHOLESALE TAILORS, Dept. E., 6 ELDON ST., Liverpool Street, London, E.C.

SUITS
21", 27", 32", & 37" to measure, in Blue and Black Serges, Scotch and West of England Tweeds, &c.

TROUSERS TO MEASURE
7/6 & 8/6.

In Cashmeres, Tweeds, &c. Great Variety of Patterns. Send post-card to-day for our Spring and Summer Patterns (which need not be returned).

Post Free anywhere. Carriage Paid to any part of the United Kingdom.

New Department: Boy's and Juvenile Clothing. Illustrated Catalogue and Price List Post Free.

Business Hours, 9 till 7. Saturday, 2.

CYCLE DEPOTS
High-class Selection of "GENTS", "LADIES", and "JUVENILE" CYCLES. From £3 Cash, or on Easy Terms 10% Monthly. Lists Post Free. Head Depot: 52 to 53 Blackfriars Road, London, E.C.

RIDING SCHOOLS
BEST IN LONDON. Practical Tuition until Perfect, 10/6. Single Lesson, 2/6. Purchasers Taught Free. Open 9 till 9.

West End Branch: 115 King's Road, Sloane Square, S.W.

CYCLEDOM LTD.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

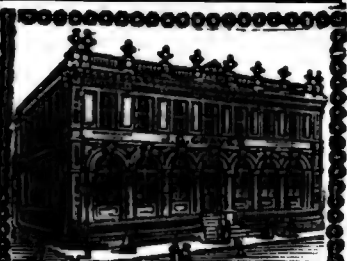
PER MONTH or for Cash. Exceptional value. String, Brass, and Wood Wind Instruments of all kinds. Mechanical Organs from 10/6 upwards. Carriage paid. Price List Free.

DOUGLAS & CO., 7 South St., London, E.C. (Near Moorfields Street Station.)

LACE CURTAINS

Direct from the Warehouse. **THE HAPPY HOME PARCEL.**—1 pair elegant Drawing-room Curtains, 4yd. long, 3yd. wide; 1 pair splendid Dining-room Curtains, 3yd. long, 63in. wide; 1 pair Breakfast-room Curtains, 3yd. long, 63in. wide; 1 pair pretty Bed-room Curtains, 3yd. long, 60in. wide. ALL TARED EDGES. 1 Lace Stand Cover, 1 Lace Table Mat. The lot, carriage paid, 17/6. White or ecru. Such handsome value has never before been offered. Money returned if not approved. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Frilled Curtains, &c., post free.

E. Goringe & Co., 16 Dept., Nottingham.



UNPARALLELED OFFER!!! STARTLING INNOVATION!!!

Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, &c.

Supplied on a unique system of purchase within the RANGE OF ALL.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. FREE TRIAL OFFERED.

CATALOGUE FREE. Send to-day (a postcard will do) for our enlarged and improved Catalogue, containing full particulars of goods and terms of our Unrivalled Payment System. Mention this paper.

J. G. Graves, Watch Importer & Jeweller, Agents, Divisional Street, Sheffield. (Wanted.)

1/- 1,000 GOLD WATCHES FREE!

I introduce our new celebrated Soap to 1,000 more readers of this paper, we have decided to give away 1,000 GOLD WATCHES ABSOLUTELY FREE OF COST. These watches are GOLD HALL-MARKED, and at retail would cost upwards of FIVE GUINEAS. If you want one write to us with delay. With your letter send us 1s. in stamps, or P.O., for which we will send you a tablet of Dr. Garland's Facial Soap and our offer, on complying with which the Watch will be sent free by registered post. We have over 100 testimonials that our Facial Soap is the best ever offered to the British public, and our idea of giving away the Watches is that you may talk about us among your friends, and recommend our Soap wherever you go.

HAY, GARLAND & CO. (Dept. 6), 15 (A.B.)

BURTON STREET LONDON, W.

GENTS' £7. HIGH-CLASS CHAMPION CYCLES. LADIES' £7 15.

Fitted with Dunlop-Welch Licensed Pneumatic Tyres. Supplied Direct to Rider at Wholesale Price. Real Handsome Machines, containing every 1296 Improvement. 12 months' Guarantee given.

CHAMPION CYCLE COMPANY,

Wheat Works, Eccleall Road, Sheffield.

Wholesale Illustrated Catalogue Free. Please Name Paper.

BOOKS YOU SHOULD READ

By "The Family Friend."

A Chat with R. D. Chetwode,

THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN OF STRATHBOURNE."

AFTER having read "John of Strathbourne," I was particularly anxious to see its gifted author. The *Times* says of "John of Strathbourne" that "had it appeared anonymously it might have passed for the handiwork of Mr. Stanley Weyman, and it would be difficult to give higher praise . . . but there the resemblance ends. Mr. Chetwode has too much spirit and originality to be indebted to anyone for his ideas."

For the *Times* to compare a comparatively new writer to Weyman is very high praise indeed; but after having read the book myself I could quite understand that the critic of Printing House Square had only done it justice.

Mr. Chetwode published a book last year, which, although fairly successful, did not attract the amount of attention which has been excited by "John of Strathbourne." It was a tale of Cromwellian times, entitled, "To the Death"—a "rousing story," the critics called it, and was received very favourably by the Press; indeed when I called on Mr. Chetwode he told me that the critics have always been very kind to him.

I found him sitting in his own particular corner of a cheerful morning room, surrounded by a litter of books and papers, for, unlike most authors, he eschews a private den. Since he has become deaf he prefers, he said, to work amidst his family, the most animated conversation failing to distract him. Only when he uses his typewriter is he compelled to seek solitude, not on his own account, but out of mercy to his friends.

"Now, Mr. Chetwode," I said, with the bland benevolence of a dentist about to extract a tooth, "would you mind telling me a little concerning yourself, and what induced you to write?"

"As to myself, I am afraid there is little to be said. I have always led a very quiet life; my existence has been exceeding uneventful. Regarding my writing, it is only within the last few years I have endeavoured to take it up seriously, though I have always been more or less in the habit of scribbling. I used to write little plays for home performance, and my first success was when the author was called before the curtain. Then, again, French history always had a great attraction for me. The first long story I ever wrote, published in a small weekly since defunct, was of the same period as 'John of Strathbourne,' though on somewhat different lines. If all goes well I have an idea of rewriting it some day, and trying its fate in volume form. 'To the Death,' published last season, was not by any means my first book, as I think you are aware. I have generally gone into two editions, but that nowadays, as you know, is very little. I hope to do better with 'John of Strathbourne.'"

"Do you write quickly or slowly?"

"Very slowly, indeed. I work out each incident very carefully in my mind, jot it roughly down in a sort of shorthand no one can read but myself, then thoroughly revise and type."

"Do you work when the fit strikes you, or at any particular time?"

"Just when the fit takes me. I am a most unmethodical individual; I never do anything by rule."

"Of course everybody has views nowadays on a mission. Have you any special views or mission? or do you write what pleases you best for the sheer pleasure of writing?"

"I am one of the exceptions. I have no mission, and my views I keep to myself. I do not intrude them in my books. It is a pleasure to me to write, and I grow restless and irritable if I have not a story in hand."

"In the meantime you are writing another long story, are you not?"

"Yes."

"Is it to be anything on the same lines as 'John of Strathbourne'?"

"Yes, in so far as it is a historical romance; but I am so afraid of repeating myself I have endeavoured to strike new ground by going back to the days of Stephen. I have not yet come across any romance writer who has appropriated exactly that period. There are more historical facts in it than in 'John.' I have been digging into the old chronicles—which are a romance in themselves—but there is also a love story running through all, in which the damsel is not quite so hard to please."

"I understand that owing to your deafness you rather shun general society?"

"That is so; I may say I am literally a recluse, rarely seeing anyone but my few personal friends. But you must not think it anything of a trial; it would have been so very terrible had blindness come instead of loss of hearing that I feel quite thankful to be only deaf."

Indeed, now that I am used to it, on the whole it is more trouble to others than to myself, as I fear by this time you must have discovered. I am an omnivorous reader, and find my society in books."

"And we can't persuade you to join the Authors', or the New Vagabond Club, for instance, and read a chapter of 'John of Strathbourne' some evening?"

"I am afraid not. It is a very kind suggestion. I should consider it a great honour, but I fear that under the circumstances I must regretfully decline. Deaf people are always best at home, I think, don't you? They are apt at times to act as a sort of wet blanket. I am sure you must be tired by now."

And, acting on this hint, I went. When I got outside it suddenly occurred to me that I had interviewed a very modest author.

Plot and Counterplot.*

THE method which Mr. Headon Hill follows in writing his novels seems to be this: that he selects some movement in present history that has aroused, or still excites, general attention, and utilising it as a ground work, introduces the characters of his own imagination hand in hand with real personages with so expert a perception of effect that we are presented with a thoroughly convincing cinematograph.

We see this design in his latest book, "The Zone of Fire" (already reviewed in these columns), the scene of which is laid in the Soudan, and which gives us a brilliant picture of the life that our soldiers lead when on active service in Egypt. And we see it again in "By a Hair's Breadth," a story which is centred round the Tear of Russia's comparatively recent tour through Europe.

So many books have been written in which the Russian Secret Police and Russian Nihilists play the principal parts, that as one reads the first chapter of this book he resigns himself complacently to going over familiar ground once more in company with quite familiar characters with quite unpronounceable names.

But the resignation is uncalled for. "By a Hair's Breadth" is, as the reader soon discovers, a story of the most daring originality. The rapidity and variety of its action, the vividness with which its characters are drawn, and the sympathy which even those we admire least, are capable of awakening, quickly convince us that it is a book of exceptional merit.

And Mr. Hill has a happy knack of not keeping his reader too long in suspense. There is nothing more annoying to a great many people—and I am among the number—than being put in suspense at the beginning of a book, and being left in suspense until the last chapter. Mr. Hill rounds each adventure off in a comparatively small compass.

Just what the reader dearly hopes will happen happens, and happens quickly, and so crisis follows crisis until the last desperate effort of the Nihilists is frustrated by a clever trick in the park at Versailles.

One of the best-drawn characters is that of an English girl, who is, practically, the heroine of the story:

"There is an infernal machine in the chimney against the Stadthaus wall, and I can't get it down," she began. "If you will come up—you must take care not to wake anybody—perhaps you will be more successful."

"Ach! then you have tried?" said Volborth, nearly forgetting his German-English in admiration. "How know you the machine to be infernal?"

"Well, people don't shove portmanteaux with clocks in them up chimneys for nothing—when there's a big-wig like the Tear putting up on the other side," said Laura. "I have seen and touched it, I tell you."

"But this is an affair of the police. Why you not them call?"

"Yes, you have a right to ask, but it's wasting a lot of time," sighed Laura. "Because it must be kept dark, Herr Winkel," she went on emphatically. "Russians are perfect beasts—all except one, possibly two—and for the sake of those two I want to prevent any nasty sneaks of Russian spies from poking their noses into the business. The man who put the portmanteau there got into the house by using the name of an officer who is engaged to my dearest friend. Why, you heard me telling Spencer this afternoon. There would be the Dickens to pay for Boris Dubrowaki if the Russian authorities ferreted it all out."

"Ach, yes, and I am to help you place on the ferrets a muzzle," said Volborth, with a grim smile curling the corners of his mouth. "Lead on, Miss Metcalf. I come with you."

No more words passed between them till they stood before the fireplace in Delaval's room, when Volborth took the candle from her and waited.

"Well, why don't you go on?" said Laura. "Don't tell me you're going to funk, there's a dear soul."

"Yes, I funk, as you call him, for you," replied Volborth, wondering if all English girls were cast in this mould. "You to the end of the house must go far away. There may be an accident."

For the first time Laura showed excitement, and it took the form of righteous indignation. "That's all tommy," she said, relapsing into her best emotional slang. "Do you think I have brought a nice old gentleman like you into a job of this kind to let you stand the racket by yourself? You may want a hand. Besides, if that thing bursts I expect it will be as bad at one end of the house as the other."

She had raised her voice a little, or it is probable that Volborth would have protested further. But, for his own very different reasons, he was as anxious as she was to remove the portmanteau secretly, and he feared that an argument with a lady of such spirit might arouse some light sleeper. Turning away, he imperceptibly crossed himself and tackled his task.

For five minutes little else was to be seen of him but his back and legs, and his left hand holding the candle. Laura remained by the bed watching him. At first his body was very still, but after awhile it began to sway, then to sink downwards, and one shoulder reappeared. At this moment she heard him say:

"Take the candle. It is coming down. I want both hands."

"By a Hair's Breadth," by Headon Hill. Price 6s. (Casell & Co.)

Life in Early Britain.*

It will probably come as a matter of surprise to a good many of the readers of *P.W.* to learn that there was a time when the hippopotamus, two kinds of elephant and a like number of species of rhinoceros, a cave bear, a cave lion, the hyena, bison, wild horse, and reindeer were all inhabitants of Great Britain. This, of course, was thousands of years ago, but to quote from Mr. Windle's interesting book, "Palaeolithic man was thus provided with an abundance of animals to chase and to be chased by, it must be admitted that our predecessors of this period were but poorly provided for the pursuit of game of such size and ferocity; their clothing, if indeed they did not for a large part of the year go naked, must have consisted solely of the dried skins of such animals as they were able to kill, and their weapons were confined to pointed stakes of wood and rude axes chiefly constructed of flint."

What would not a real sporting gentleman of that period have given for a Winchester repeating rifle and such profusion of game? Imagine taking a holiday in the New Forest for the sole purpose of shooting lion and hippopotami. As time went on our forefathers became more civilised, and with their intellectual growth these wild beasts naturally became more and more rare.

Later on in his book, Mr. Windle gives some very interesting old English superstitions, a good many of which have even lasted up to the present day. For instance, we learn that: "In Yorkshire the country people call the night-flying white moths, souls, and in parts of Ireland butterflies are said to be the souls of your grandfathers. Mr. Gomme mentions some further examples, one relating to an instance in London, where a sparrow was supposed to be the soul of a dead person."

In Devonshire there is the case of the Oxenden family, who souls at death are supposed to enter into a bird; while in Cornwall it is believed that King Arthur is still living as a raven. In the Hebrides, when a man is slowly lingering away in consumption, the fairies are said to be on the watch to steal his soul, that they may therewith give life to some other body. In Lancashire someone received into his mouth the last breath of a dying person, fancying that the soul passed out with it into his own body.

The history of early Britain is crammed full of interesting folk-lore and incident, and here is the account of a curious custom in connection with one of the great stones that are scattered about all over the country, land marks of a long vanished, long forgotten age:

At the village of Holne, situated on one of the spurs of Dartmoor, is a field of about two acres, the property of the parish, and called the Ploy Field. In the centre of this field stands a granite pillar (menhir) six or seven feet high. On May morning, before daybreak, the young men of the village used to assemble there and then proceed to the Moor, where they selected a ram lamb, and after running it down, brought it in triumph to the Ploy Field, fastened it to the pillar, cut its throat, and then roasted it whole, skin, wool, and all.

At mid-day, a struggle took place, at the risk of cut hands and alics; it being supposed to confer luck for the ensuing year on the fortunate devourer. As an act of gallantry, the young men sometimes fought their way through the crowd to get a slice for the chosen amongst the young women, all of whom, in their best dresses, attended the Ram Feast as it was called. Dancing, wrestling, and other games, assisted by copious libations of ale during the afternoon, prolonged the festivity till midnight.

One could go on quoting *ad libitum*. The history is taken up to the end of the Saxon occupation, though to the Romans must be conceded the palm, by reason of their wonderful system of government, for to them must be given the credit of mapping out some of the great roads which still exist. To them we owe the first milestones, a number of which have been found in various parts of the country along the course of former Roman highways. More than that, they placed posting stations which, although primarily intended for use as military outposts, eventually came to resemble the inns of our own day, and provided hospitality for all wayfarers.

Here, of course, I have only been able to touch on a few of the interesting facts contained in this volume, which is a book that no patriotic Briton can well afford to miss.

* "Life in Early Britain." Price 3s. 6d. (David Nutt.)

Some Books Worth Reading.

NOW READY.

PAUL BECK: The Rule-of-Thumb Detective. By M. McDONNELL BODKIN, Q.C. Crown 8vo, cloth. Price 3s. 6d.

Paul Beck, the Rule-of-Thumb Detective, is an Irish Sherlock Holmes, with a very original yet logical method for the detection of crime. Hitherto we have had every species of detective, except an Irish one, and it has been reserved for Mr. McDonnell Bodkin to right this injustice to the Sister Isle.

THE VIRGIN OF THE SUN.—A Tale of the Conquest of Peru.—By GEORGE GREFFITH, Author of "The Angel of the Revolution," "Valdar the Off-Born," "Men Who Have Made the Empire," etc., etc. Crown 8vo, cloth. With Frontispiece by STANLEY L. WOOD. Price 6s. 306 pp.

THE SHROUDED FACE. By OWEN RHOSCOMBE, Author of "Battlement and Tower," "The Jewel of Ynys Galon." Crown 8vo, cloth. Price 6s. Ready May 1st.

This is a tale of the time of Elizabeth, and the scene is placed in Wales. At that period many Welsh gentlemen took to the sea as rovers, finding their swordland on the Spanish main, as their fathers had found a swordland on the English marches.

JOHN OF STRATHBOURNE. A Romance of the days of Francis I. By R. D. CHETWODE. Crown 8vo, cloth. Price 3s. 6d.

The Rev. Father Ignatius

writing on Feb. 16th, 1898, from Llanthony Abbey, states:

"Father Ignatius encloses Postal Orders for the two bottles of Guy's Tonic sent. Guy's Tonic has been very much blessed by God to the Brother for whom it was ordered, and who was suffering from almost entire inability to eat, Flatulence, Water-brash, and Sickness."

The approach of Indigestion is very insidious. The Appetite becomes poor, capricious, or is altogether lost. Pain, accompanied by Nausea and Flatulence, follows the taking of Food; Nutrition being arrested, the Blood becomes impoverished, and then appear various Nervous affections, such as Headache, Dizziness, Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, Hysteria, and the collection of distressing Symptoms to which the name of Nervous Debility has been applied. The liver is speedily involved, and we have Constipation, Foul Tongue, Offensive Breath, Depression of Spirits, and Sallow Skin.

Such are the leading Symptoms of Indigestion. It remains for us to indicate its means of cure, which are simplicity itself. Regulate the Diet and follow the simple directions as to Hygiene contained in the Pamphlet wrapped round each Bottle of Guy's Tonic. Take a dose of Guy's Tonic shortly after the three principal Meals.

Guy's Tonic does good because it has qualities akin to the Gastric Juice, with which it unites and so strengthens that natural and easy Digestion is performed. You feel better at once after using Guy's Tonic, you enjoy your food more, and you get more nourishment and invigorate force out of what you eat. Hence Guy's Tonic makes you strong, vigorous, and cheerful.

Guy's Tonic (New Size)
(6-oz. Bottle):

Price only **1/1½** Now Ready.

Of Chemists and Stores Everywhere.

Or sent privately packed, post paid, on receipt of Postal Order 1s. 3d. by Guy's Tonic Co., 12 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.

THE CHEAPEST AND THE BEST
SAUCE IN THE WORLD.



For FLESH!



For FOWL!

Beware
of Substitutions.



For FISH!

YORKSHIRE RELISH



Sold
In bottles
6s. 1/- & 2/-
each.

Sole
Proprietors
Goodall.
Backhouse & Co
Leeds

M.A.C.

There's a Remedy
Above all others

for Habitual Constipation, Billousness, Sluggishness, Indigestion, Headache, and other ailments arising from a disordered state of the Liver, Bowels, or Kidneys. It is

**CALIFORNIA
SYRUP
OF FIGS**

NATURE'S PLEASANT LAXATIVE.
Every package bears Name & Trade Mark:
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO
Of all Chemists, 1/1½ and 3/6.
Depot: 32 Snow Hill, LONDON, E.C.

**THE FAMOUS
"MAB"
RAZOR**

7/6 THE "WAVERLEY" SALOON GUN 7/6
WITH 100 BALL CARTRIDGES.

MARVINE GELOIDS.
Delicious Meat and Fruit
Lounges.
INVIGORATING and
REFRESHING.
Read the Latest Report
For Cyclists, Tourists,
and INVALIDS. A boon for
the Colonies, Green
of all Chemists, Grocers,
Orate Dealers, etc. Sample
Boxes post free, to Mr. H. H.
MARVINE, Ltd.,
WILSON ST., LONDON, E.C.

"COOPER" Cycles
FROM 25 10s. Competition defied. Latest
Design Frame, Large
Weldless Steel Tubes,
Ball Bearings, Tangent
Wheels, Brake, and
guards. CUSHION
SEAT, 25 10s. 6d.
27 10s. 6d. Ladies' with
Dress and Gear-guards,
from 25s. 12 Months
Warranty. Lists free. Agents wanted.
WM. COOPER, 703 OLD KENT RD., LONDON, E.E.

Ritter Road Skates
THE ROAD SKATE COMPANY
have removed to larger premises
at 77 Oxford Street, London, W.
(Late Solo House) where their
skates may be seen in use at
any time, and a large hall is
available for trial and instruc-
tion. Inspection invited.
Skates lent on hire. Cata-
logues and testimonials free.
Please mention this paper.

"COURT ROYAL" CYCLES.
Highest grade touring
models.
Write for our cata-
logue (a work of art)
and large book of
testimonials.
Agents wanted
where unrepresented.
J. LLOYD COURTS & CO., Coventry.

A REMARKABLE PIPE! WHY?
BECAUSE "MASTA"
THE "MASTA" PIPE
Absolutely carries out what is claimed
for it, viz., Simplicity of Construction,
Freedom from Smoking,
Cool, Dry, Sweet, Clean, and Healthful
Smoking.
Prices from 1/6, 2/6, 3/6. Your Tobacconist will
supply it. If any delay, write The "Masta"
Patent Pipe Co., 183, Fleet St., London, E.C.
What Smokers say: JOHN LEES, Esq., Regent Road,
Bottle, Oct. 1897, writes: "The 'Masta' Pipe
turned out most satisfactorily. It is very sweet to
smoke, and absolutely dry."

**IT TAKES BUT
ONE MINUTE TO MAKE**
Advantages:
Large or
Small Quan-
tities at de-
sired made
instantly,
thus ensuring
the Beverage
always
Fresh.
All trouble
avoid. Not
even Syrup
to make, nor
sugar to add,
only water
required.
No sticky
bottle to
contend
with.
**OF
BI-LEMONADE**
WITH
TALBOT'S FRUIT EXTRACTS.
A 64. Tin makes 1 to 2 pints. Ask your grocer for
BLENHARD (Cock & Glass Brand) to be
sent to you. Write to Mr. H. H. MARVINE, Ltd.,
WILSON ST., LONDON, E.C.

**"HEALTH"
COCOA.**
ABSOLUTELY PURE
HENRY THORNE & CO. LTD.
LEEDS

ITS CURED
From the first dose of
Oxaline fits cease. It is the only
cure for Epilepsy. It has cured thousands
when everything else failed. 4s. 11/-
post free; guaranteed given with 11/- bottle.
Money returned if Oxaline fails. Free samples.
MR. NICHOLL, Pharm. Chem.,
25, High Street, BELFAST.

THIS IS THE SHOE YOU WANT.
For
House,
Court,
or
Country.
Made of Canvas, with strong Flat-tied Jute Sole,
which will last much longer than leather with
ordinary wear. We are constantly receiving repeat
orders from customers who have worn a single
pair one, two, and three years. Send length of
walking shoe. - Prices (Post Free).
Quality (colour, Brown) Children's Ladies' Gents'
A. Plain Shoes no strapping 1s. 6d. 1s. 6d. 2s. 6d.
B. Superior Canvas (as per illustration) 2s. 6d. 2s. 6d.
C. Velvet Uppers (Black) 2s. 6d. 2s. 6d.
D. Leather Soled Shoes (safety) 2s. 6d. 2s. 6d. 2s. 6d.
E. Rubber Soles (Brown) 2s. 6d. 2s. 6d.
SPECIAL OFFER.—To purchasers of three pairs
at one time we allow a reduction of 5d. per pair.
PATENT CANVAS SHOE CO., Ltd., Bath Street,
GLASGOW.
Illustrated Catalogue of Footwear post free, 1d.

**H-SAMUEL'S
WATCHES**
10/6 25/-
A MONTHS FREE TRIAL
ROYAL LETTERS PATENT
WARRANTY

THE GRANDEST & BEST VALUE EVER OFFERED!
NEW INVENTIONS! Valuable improvements protected by HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL
LETTERS PATENT are only to be obtained in H. Samuel's Watches. Every advantage
and security given to purchasers. The WORLD'S GREAT WATCH DEPOT. The
Largest and Finest Stock of Watches and the lowest possible prices. H. Samuel's
Half-Guinea "MARVEL" Lever Watch. A strong and useful timekeeping movement,
jewelled, having an Expansion Balance and fitted in stout
close cases of a special material which looks exactly like Real
Silver. Crystal glass front. Packed in box, with key and instructions
complete, also H. Samuel's FREE BONUS GIFT, and delivered to any address on receipt of 10/6. BEWARE OF
imitations. At the marvellously low price of 25/-, H. Samuel
supplies his renowned Sterling Silver "ACME" Watches,
famous as the utmost extreme of Value! Fine, extra jewelled,
three-quarter plate movement, skillfully adjusted and timed,
fitted with "PROTECTIVE" removable dust and damp-proof
CAP. New patented improvements included. Flat crystal
glass front; HIGH SILVER BESEL. Strong STERLING SILVER cases stamped. The
LADY'S size is richly engraved, and has the dial elegantly tinted or white, as desired.
Every watch WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS, and supplied with key and instructions.
Complete, also H. Samuel's SPECIAL BONUS FREE GIFT on receipt of 25/-, Sale 1,000
per week. For a practical proof of the IMMENSE SAVING made by sending direct to
H. Samuel, compare this splendid watch with what are often offered in retail shops at
3 GUINEAS each. BEWARE OF imitations. A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL allowed.
H. Samuel's NEW ROYAL QUARTO volume of latest Fashions in gold and silver adorn-
ments contains full descriptions and illustrations of the above with 2,500 MARVELLOUS
BARBAINS in Watches, Jewellery, CLOCKS, Electro-Silver
Plate CUTLERY, Bags, UMBRELLAS, Musical Instruments,
Sewing Machines, Pipes, &c., &c. Extraordinary low prices.
HUNDREDS OF Testimonials. SPECIAL BONUS
GIFTS FREE to purchasers. Full particulars and Ten
lists of presents sent on a separate sheet with each Volume.
Every article guaranteed. A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL allowed.
Full amount returned if dissatisfied. This handsome Book
is sent to any address on application ABSOLUTELY FREE!
Send your name to-day. Cut this announcement from
Pearson's Weekly, and enclose it to H. Samuel. All P.O.
Orders to be made payable to H. Samuel at the General Post Office, Manchester.
H. SAMUEL, 97, 99, 101, 33, 89, & 121, MANCHESTER.
And at Rochdale, Bolton, Preston and Leicester.



There is a satisfied, glad-I've-got-it expression on the faces of all good Cyclists who use

ELECTRINE

BURNING OIL

gives an intense White Light.

LUBRICATING OIL

Simply Perfect.

OF ALL AGENTS:

6d. Pocket Flask; Tins, 8d. & 1s. (Regd.)

SOLE PROPRIETOR:

CHAS. WHITE, Oil Refiner,
50, 51, and 52 BARBICAN, E.C.

EDWARDS'

HARLENE FOR THE HAIR

THE GREAT

Hair Producer & Restorer.

No Other Near it in

REPUTATION, MERIT, OR SALE

The **BRITISH AND COLONIAL DRUGGIST**, in its issue of April 8th, announces the result of a competition to decide which preparation for the hair has the largest sale. This competition, open to all Chemists and Druggists, and their Assistants, has placed

EDWARDS' 'HARLENE' FOR THE HAIR

**AT THE TOP OF THE POLL
BY A GREAT MAJORITY.**

The **BRITISH AND COLONIAL DRUGGIST** says:

"For the first place 'Harlene' received no less than 78 per cent. of the votes, considerably more than three times those awarded for first place to all the other preparations put together."

Edwards' 'Harlene' has for years enjoyed the **HIGHEST REPUTATION.**

The Chemists declare that it has the **LARGEST SALE.**

Obviously it must possess the **GREATEST MERIT.**

The vote of the chemists is the same as the vote of the public, the **UNIVERSAL VERDICT** on EDWARDS' "HARLENE" being that it is

UNRIVALLED AS A PREPARATION FOR THE HAIR.

1/-, 2/6, and (Triple 2/6 size) 4/6 per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores all over the World; or sent direct on receipt of Postal Orders.

Edwards' "HARLENE" Co., 95 & 96 High Holborn, London, W.C.

REVENUES FROM ECONOMY ARE ENORMOUS.

ILLUSTRATED BARGAIN CATALOGUE of Carpets, Rugs, Bedsteads, Curtains, &c. Post Free, if mentioning "Pearson's Weekly," London 14.5.98, when writing.

A FREE GIFT!
100,000 BEAUTIFUL RUGS
ABSOLUTELY GIVEN AWAY.

THIS PIONEER OFFER IS MADE TO READERS OF 'PEARSON'S WEEKLY' ONLY, ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL ORDER OR STAMPS, VALUE 5/-.

We will forward direct from the Looms to any address, on receipt of amount, 5s., a

GENUINE WOVEN REVERSIBLE CARPET,

In 20 Patterns, to your Homes.

Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, &c., bordered and woven in art shades, and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room, as an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember these are woven, not printed, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. Thousands of these Carpets have been already sold at double these prices.

With each Carpet we shall **ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY** a very handsome RUG to match, or we will send **TWO CARPETS and TWO RUGS** for 9s. 6d. The Greatest Bargain ever Offered.

Subject to approval, Cash gladly Returned.

Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials from all parts. CHEQUES AND P.O.'S PAYABLE TO



P. HODGSON & SON,

Manufacturers, Importers, and Merchants,

WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.

A Splendid Offer to Pearson's Readers.

25,000 HAND CAMERAS AT 4/6 EACH.

£150 in Prizes given for Photos taken with Pearson's Hand Cameras.

NOTICE.—THE PEARSON HAND CAMERA.

This Camera is being specially made for Pearson's Weekly by one of the largest camera manufacturers in Great Britain. This camera is listed by the makers at 10/6 each, and our readers, by special arrangements, are going to be supplied with it at 4/6, together with a supply of Dry Plates, Chemicals, and a Book of Instructions enabling anyone without previous knowledge to take a photo with the greatest of ease. A Competition List will be sent with each camera. 6d. extra will be charged for parcel post, 5/- in all. This camera has a powerful lens, double dark slide, focussing screen, shutter for time and snap-shot photos. A well-made and neat camera.

Pearson's Tourists' Camera.—This camera carries 6 quarter plates, and is fitted with a view-finder and shutter for time and snap-shot exposures. This is a splendid camera to take on your holidays. Only 2,000 of these will be sent out. These are offered to our readers by the makers for the moderate sum of 7/6, and 6d. parcel postage; 8/- in all. This is a splendid opportunity for securing a splendid camera for a very moderate sum. With each will be given Dry Plates, Chemicals, and Book of Instructions, Lists of Prizes, and Particulars of Competitions.

RULES.—All persons sending must mark on left-hand top-corner of envelope the words "Pearson's Camera," and send it along with postal order for amount to the manufacturers.

THE SILVERITE CO., LONDON ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

NOTICE.—NO PERSON WILL BE SUPPLIED WITH MORE THAN ONE CAMERA.

DON'T BE BACKWARD

... IN SAYING ...

"I DON'T WANT IT"

when your Chemist or Grocer tells you some other is "just as good" as "D.C.L.," but insist upon having it, for the "D.C.L." Malt Extract is not only supreme, but has no rival near the throne. Both in digestive activity and in waste repairing and tissue forming power it is unique among similar preparations. It not only helps the digestion and assimilation of the food, but it is in itself a food of distinct nutritive value.

The "D.C.L." Malt Extract has a vast sphere of usefulness. It is practically indispensable in the nursery and the sick-room, and it adds largely not only to the healthiness, but to the efficiency and pleasure of life through the seven acts of the strange eventful history of man's life.—"From the infant mewling and puking in the nurse's arms, even to the last scene of all, of second childishness and mere oblivion, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

Can be had combined with Cod Liver Oil.

Sole Makers: The Distillers Company Limited, Edinburgh.

GIVEN AWAY
£5,000!

**GRAHAM & CO'S
MONSTER GIFTS.**

GIVEN AWAY
£5,000!

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Messrs. GRAHAM & CO. intend to present their customers with a Monster Parcel as a return for advertising their celebrated

EGYPTIAN GOLD JEWELLERY.

For the small sum of 6s. 6d. we will send as follows:

NOT A TOY.	One Gent's Egyptian Gold Albert, or one Lady's Egyptian Gold Albert	our price 24	FOR 6/6
WE GIVE	One Gent's or Lady's for Chain	our price 14	
YOU	One Gent's or Lady's for Chain	our price 14	
WATCH	One Gent's or Lady's for Chain	our price 14	
	One Gent's or Lady's for Chain	our price 14	



In addition to above Every Purchaser will be Presented Free of Charge with one of our hand

KEYLESS WATCHES

Usually sold at 10s. 6d. each.

Every Watch is Carefully Examined, Timed, and Guaranteed a Correct Time-keeper. Call and see them.

We do this to save the enormous cost of advertising, preferring to give our customers the best. As we lose money on each parcel we cannot supply more than two parcels to one person. If you cannot call, get a P.O. at once, and send for this wonderful parcel. Orders will be executed in rotation.

MONEY RETURNED IF NOT AS REPRESENTED.

NOTE.—The entire parcel will be sent for 6s. 6d. (post free registered, 7/-). Each customer will receive gratis one of our HANDSOMELY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES. Be sure and call or write today for the

6s. 6d. MONSTER PRESENTATION PARCEL, including the HANDSOME KEYLESS WATCH.

E. GRAHAM & Co., 277 Strand, London, W.C.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

**BEECHAM'S
PILLS**

FOR ALL

BILIOUS & NERVOUS DISORDERS,

SUCH AS

**Sick Headache, Constipation,
Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion,
Disordered Liver, and Female Ailments,**

In Boxes, 9d., 1s. 1d., and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions.

THE 1s. 1d. BOX CONTAINS 56 PILLS.

THE SALE IS NOW SIX MILLION BOXES YEARLY.

Prepared only by the Proprietor—

THOMAS BEECHAM, ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE
Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers Everywhere.



Sent post

L. JOHN NOBLE
smooth

L. JOHN NOBLE
weighty

PATTERNS

together with a
Fashion and
who write and
(These need

A FULL DRESS
of either cloth
7/6

Colours of all
Navy,
Fawn, Sage-Green

The Three Sizes
round bust (under
38, 40, 42 inches
other size can be
1/6 extra.

These Costumes
made at the
White Cotton
Drill (Fawn,
French Blue

COLONIAL
COSTUMES

who cannot
may safely
in the certain

LADIES CAN
SPECIALLY

made up in
killed Dress

A Box of
New Summer
select from, and



A PRETTY
Consisting of a
House, The
and sleeves
trimmed
down the left
12/6
in Cover

All

THE LARGEST FIRM OF COSTUMERS IN THE WORLD, AND UNIVERSALLY ADMITTED TO BE THE BEST VALUE FOR MONEY.



John Noble

Ladies' Indoor and Outdoor
Costumes in any kind of
Fabric Ready Made or to
Measure.

John Noble

Half-Guinea Costumes not only look
smart, but are made to yield faithful
service and stand rough wear.

John Noble

Children's Home, School,
and Military Costumes.
Thousands kept in stock.

John Noble

Specialist in the design and
construction of all kinds of
Costumes in any fabric and
to any measure.

John Noble

NEW SUMMER DRESS PATTERNS
The Largest, Cheapest,
and Most Varied Selection
before the public.

A Box of 1,000 Patterns sent to
select from.

MADE TO ORDER	MADE TO ORDER	MADE TO ORDER	MADE TO ORDER
1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2

MADE TO ORDER	MADE TO ORDER	MADE TO ORDER	MADE TO ORDER
1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2

MADE TO ORDER	MADE TO ORDER	MADE TO ORDER	MADE TO ORDER
1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2



MADE TO ORDER
MADE TO ORDER
MADE TO ORDER
MADE TO ORDER



There is a satisfied, glad-I've-got-it expression on the faces of all good Cyclists who use

ELECTRINE

BURNING OIL | **LUBRICATING OIL**
gives an Intense White Light. | Simply Perfect.

OF ALL AGENTS:

6d. Pocket Flask; Tins, 8d. & 1s. (Regd.)

SOLE PROPRIETOR:

CHAS. WHITE, Oil Refiner,
50, 51, and 52 BARBICAN, E.C.

EDWARDS'



No Other Near it in
REPUTATION, MERIT, OR SALE

The **BRITISH AND COLONIAL DRUGGIST**, in its issue of April 8th, announces the result of a competition to decide which preparation for the hair has the largest sale. This competition, open to all Chemists and Druggists, and their Assistants, has placed

EDWARDS' 'HARLENE' FOR THE HAIR

AT THE TOP OF THE POLL
BY A GREAT MAJORITY.

The **BRITISH AND COLONIAL DRUGGIST** says:

"For the first place 'Harlene' received no less than 78 per cent. of the votes, considerably more than three times those awarded for first place to all the other preparations put together."

Edwards' 'Harlene' has for years enjoyed the **HIGHEST REPUTATION.**

The Chemists declare that it has the . . . **LARGEST SALE.**

Obviously it must possess the . . . **GREATEST MERIT.**

The vote of the chemists is the same as the vote of the public, the **UNIVERSAL VERDICT** on EDWARDS' 'HARLENE' being that it is

UNRIVALLED AS A PREPARATION FOR THE HAIR.

1s. 2 6, and (Triple 2 6 size) 4 6 per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores all over the World; or sent direct on receipt of Postal Orders.

Edwards' 'HARLENE' Co., 95 & 96 High Holborn, London, W.C.

REVENUES FROM ECONOMY ARE ENORMOUS.

ILLUSTRATED BARGAIN CATALOGUE of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Curtains, &c., Post Free, if mentioning "Pearson's Weekly," Coupon 145 98, when writing.

A FREE GIFT!
100,000 BEAUTIFUL RUGS
ABSOLUTELY GIVEN AWAY.



THIS PIONEER OFFER IS MADE TO READERS OF PEARSON'S WEEKLY ONLY, ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL ORDER OR STAMPS, VALUE 5-.

We will forward direct from the Looms to any address, on receipt of amount, 5s., a

GENUINE WOVEN REVERSIBLE CARPET,
In 20 Patterns, to your Homes.

Suitable for Drawingroom, Dining room, Bedroom, &c., bordered and woven in art shades, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room, as an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember these are woven, not printed, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. Thousands of these Carpets have been already sold at double these prices.

With each Carpet we shall **ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY** a very handsome RUG to match, or we will send **TWO CARPETS** and **TWO RUGS** for 9s. 6d. The Greatest Bargain ever Offered.

Subject to approval, Cash gladly returned. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials from all parts. CHEQUES AND P.O.'S PAYABLE TO

F. HODGSON & SON, Manufacturers, Importers, and Merchants, **WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.**

A Splendid Offer to Pearson's Readers.
25,000 HAND CAMERAS AT 4/6 EACH.
£150 in Prizes given for Photos taken with Pearson's Hand Cameras.

NOTICE.—THE PEARSON HAND CAMERA.

This camera is being specially made for *Pearson's Weekly* by one of the largest factories in Great Britain. This camera is listed by the makers at 10 6 each, and special arrangements, are going to be supplied with it at 4 6, together with Plates, Chemicals, and a Book of Instructions enabling anyone without previous experience to take a photo with the greatest of ease. A Competition List will be sent with each extra will be charged for parcel post, 5- in all. This camera has a powerful lens, slide, focussing screen, shutter for time and snap-shot photos. A well-made and

Pearson's Tourists' Camera.—This camera carries a lens and is fitted with a view-finder and shutter for time and snap-shot exposures. The camera to take on your holidays. Only 2,000 of these will be sent out. These are readers by the makers for the moderate sum of 7 6, and 6d. parcel postage; 8- a splendid opportunity for securing a splendid camera for a very moderate sum. To be given Dry Plates, Chemicals, and Book of Instructions, Lists of Prizes, and Competitions.

RULES.—All persons sending must mark on left-hand top-corner of envelope "Pearson's Camera," and send it along with postal order for amount to the maker.

THE SILVERITE CO., LONDON ROAD, LIVERPOOL.
NOTICE. NO PERSON WILL BE SUPPLIED WITH MORE THAN ONE CAMERA.

DON'T BE BACKWARD

. . . IN SAYING . . .

"I DON'T WANT IT"

when your Chemist or Grocer tells you some other is "just as good" "D.C.L.," but insist upon having it, for the "D.C.L." Malt Extract is only supreme, but has no rival near the throne. Both in digestion and in waste repairing and tissue forming power it is unique. Similar preparations. It not only helps the digestion and assimilation of the food, but it is in itself a food of distinct nutritive value.

The "D.C.L." Malt Extract has a vast sphere of usefulness. It is equally indispensable in the nursery and the sick-room, and it adds not only to the healthiness, but to the efficiency and pleasure of life. The seven acts of the strange eventful history of man's life.—From infant mewling and puking in the nurse's arms, even to the last all, of second childishness and mere oblivion, sans teeth, sans taste, sans everything."

Can be had combined with Cod Liver Oil.

Sole Makers: The Distillers Company Limited, Edinburgh.

GIVEN AWAY
£5,000!

GRAHAM & CO'S
MONSTER GIFTS.

GIVEN AWAY
£5,000!

IMPORTANT NOTICE. Messrs. GRAHAM & CO. intend to present their customers with a magnificent display of advertising their celebrated

EGYPTIAN GOLD JEWELLERY.

For the small sum of 6s. 6d. we will send as follows:

NOT A TOY. One Gent's Egyptian Gold Albert, or one Lady's Egyptian Gold Albert. One Gent's or Lady's Egyptian Gold Ring, or one Lady's Stone Diamond Ring. One Gent's or Lady's Egyptian Gold Bracelet, or one Lady's Fashionable Bracelet. One Gent's or Lady's Egyptian Gold Chain, or one Lady's Fashionable Chain. **6 6**

WE GIVE YOU A WATCH



Guaranteed to Keep
CORRECT TIME.
For Watch and Chain, 6s. 6d. only.

In addition to above Every Purchaser will be Presented Free of Charge with

KEYLESS WATCHES

Usually sold at Half-a-Guinea. Every Watch is Carefully Examined, Timed, and Guaranteed a Correct Keeper. Call and see them.

We do this to save the enormous cost of advertising, preferring to give away our watches. As we lose money on each parcel we cannot supply more than two parcels to each customer. P.O. enclosed, and sent for this wonderful parcel. Orders will be cancelled if not returned.

MONEY RETURNED IF NOT AS REPRESENTED

NOTE. The entire parcel will be sent for 6s. 6d. post free registered, 7- the gratis one of our HANDSOMELY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES. B. 6001

6s. 6d. **MONSTER PRESENTATION PARCEL**, including a HANDSOME **KEYLESS WATCH.**

E. GRAHAM & Co., 277 Strand, London, W.C.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S
PILLS

FOR ALL

BILIOUS & NERVOUS DISORDERS,

SUCH AS

**Sick Headache, Constipation,
Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion,
Disordered Liver, and Female Ailments.**

In Boxes, 9d., 1s. 1 1/2d., and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions.

THE 1s. 1 1/2d. BOX CONTAINS 56 PILLS.

THE SALE IS NOW SIX MILLION BOXES YEARLY.

Prepared only by the Proprietor—

THOMAS BEECHAM, ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE
Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers Everywhere.

THE John Noble Home, Holiday, and Half-Guinea COSTUMES

promptly by Parcel Post, safely packed, direct from the Largest Firm of Costumiers in the World, and originators of Half-Guinea Costumes, and universally admitted to be

THE HIGHEST KNOWN VALUE FOR MONEY.

Costumes on this page are following two good durable cloths:

I. JOHN NOBLE COSTUME COATING, with surfaced, medium weight.

II. JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE, light and weather resisting.

PATTERNS SENT FREE POST

with a new 84-page Illustrated Fabric Catalogue, to all who mention *Pearson's Weekly*. (Need not be returned).

A FULL DRESS LENGTH cloth (6yd., 52in. wide) for 7/6. Carriage, 8d.

of all Costumes are Black, Navy, Myrtle, Ruby, Brown, Forest Green, Purple and Grey.

The Three Stock Sizes are 34, 36, 38 in. (measure under arms); Skirts being 38, 40, 42 inches long in front. Any other length can be made to measure, 1/6 extra.

These Costumes can also be supplied at the same price in good White Cotton Pique, or in Buck or Drill Fawn, White, Navy, or French Blue.

COLONIAL AND FOREIGN CUSTOMERS

who cannot wait for Patterns, may safely order straight away, in the certainty of obtaining full satisfaction.

LADIES CAN HAVE THEIR OWN SPECIAL DESIGNS

Made up in any kind of Dress Fabric, by Skillful Dressmakers, at minimum cost.

A Box of 1,000 Patterns

of New Summer Dress Goods sent to select from, and forwarded carriage paid.



THE John Noble

Ladies' Indoor and Outdoor Costumes in any kind of Fabrics Ready Made or to Measure.

THE John Noble

Half-Guinea Costumes not only look smart, but are made to yield faithful service and stand rough wear.

THE John Noble

Children's Home, School, and Holiday Costumes. Thousands kept in stock.

THE John Noble

Illustrated 84-page Dress and Drapery Catalogue sent Post Free to all who name this paper.

THE John Noble

NEW SEASON DRESS FABRICS

The Largest, Cheapest, and Most Varied Selection before the public.

A Box of 1,000 Patterns sent to select from.



Model 891. A PRETTY COSTUME
Consisting of a wide skirt and Russian Blouse. The Blouse has the saddle sleeves, lined, and is round neck, lettes, and the left with fancy braid. Price 12/9; carriage and box, 1/6. Covert Coating 15/9; Mixture Suiting 20/-.



Model 892. THE CHESTERFIELD SUIT.
Consisting of full skirt and smart tailor-cut Chesterfield coat. 10/6; carriage and box, 1/6. Covert Coating 15/9; Mixture Suiting 20/-.



Model 894. Girls' Coat & Skirt in the John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating.
Lengths: 27, 30, 33, 36, 39 inches. Prices: 6/6, 7/6, 8/6, 9/6, 10/6 each. Postage 6d. extra each size.

Model 890. NEW 'ST. HELIER' COSTUME.
A well-cut Open Coat & full wide Tailor Skirt, thoroughly well made and finished. Complete, 10/6; carriage, 6d. extra. Skirt alone, 5/6; carriage, 5d.

Model 894. THE NEW 'CORDON' COSTUME.
Smart, well-cut Bodice, trimmed fancy stitching, at Ecosse. Full wide 10/6 tailor skirt. Complete, 10/6; carriage paid, 6d. extra. Skirt alone, 5/6; carriage, 5d.

Model 895. THE "WARWICK" SUIT.
A very well-shaped Tailor Coat, with velvet collar. Full wide skirt, in the latest style. Price 15/- complete. Packed in leather board box and carriage paid, 1/- extra.

Model 895. THE "WARWICK" SUIT.
A very well-shaped Tailor Coat, with velvet collar. Full wide skirt, in the latest style. Price 15/- complete. Packed in leather board box and carriage paid, 1/- extra.



Model 844. A NORFOLK DESIGN.
Smart Half-Guinea Norfolk Costume; well-cut bodice, full tailor skirt. Price 10/6 complete; carriage, 6d. Skirt alone, 5/6; carriage, 5d.



Model 901.
A very smart Bodice, trimmed on facings and cuffs with mil. tary braid. Full wide tailor skirt. Price, complete costume, 10/6; carriage, 6d. Skirt alone, 5/6; carriage, 5d.

Mourning Orders Executed in 12 Hours.
40s. SHILLINGS in the £
JOHN NOBLE Ltd. have a heavy accumulation of **REMNANTS** of Dress and other Fabrics, all in good useful lengths, the very thing for large families, institutions, &c. These Remnants, all in perfect condition, will be sent out during the next few weeks in **£1 Bundles**, each to include at least one Superior Full Dress Length, fit for any lady's wear. The bundles are agreed to be worth 40s., and even more. Price, carriage paid, **£1 only.**

Bankers: London and Midland Bank Ltd.
Please name "Pearson's Weekly" when ordering.

JOHN NOBLE LTD.
Brook Street Mills,
MANCHESTER.

THE PROPRIETORS OF PEARS' SOAP

Will forward free to any part of the United Kingdom, upon receipt of Six Penny Stamps, undivided.

LIBRARY BLOTTING-BOOK

Containing 16 Pages good White Blotting Paper,

TOGETHER WITH A CAREFULLY COMPILED

ENGLISH DICTIONARY of 15,000 WORDS

AND AN
ATLAS of the **WORLD**

CONTAINING 60 COLOURED MAPS.

There have also been added calendars for three years, and **PEARS' DESK FRIEND**, containing a mine of general information of hourly use for reference.

THE WHOLE BOUND TOGETHER IN AN ELEGANT & ARTISTIC CARDBOARD COVER.

Orders will be executed according to priority of receipt, and with the utmost possible dispatch; but, owing to the enormous demand, delivery cannot in all cases be guaranteed in less than a week. It is especially asked that the name and full address be legibly written.

Address A. & F. PEARS Limited,

71-75 New Oxford Street, LONDON, W.C.

(It will expedite delivery to mark Envelope "KEEP.")

THIS IS, WE THINK, THE BEST VALUE FOR SIXPENCE EVER OFFERED

Holders of Twenty-one Special Royal and Imperial Warrants of Appointment
the most distinguished patronage.



**Egerton, Burnett's
Royal Sergees**

THE "EGERTON" PERMANENT DYE.

High-Class Weavings in **PUZZE WOOL** for Ladies' Children's, and Gentlemen's Dress, Tourist, Seaside, and General Wear; to suit all Purposes, all Climates at all Seasons. White varieties suitable for WASHING.

E.B.'S IMPERIAL DRESS FABRICS

CYCLING TWEEDS, HOMESPUNS, &c., comprise a vast variety of shades and prices, fashionable weavings, ranging from the most superior of costume cloths to cotton materials.

SPECIALITIES.—Ladies' Plain Tailor-Made Skirts, from 10/-, and Bicycle Skirts, 11/3 and 12/6. Gentlemen's and Boy's Suits, &c., TO SPECIAL MEASURE.

NEW PATTERNS with Self-Measurement Forms and Illustrated Price Lists. Any Length Sold. Carriage Paid on Orders of 20/- and above to any Railway Station. Special Rates for Foreign Parts. Goods packed for Exportation. **KINDLY MENTION**

EGERTON BURNETT Ltd., ROYAL SERGE WAREHOUSE, Wellington, Somerset, England

N.B.—We pride ourselves upon selling the best and most durable materials in the market, and have no other firm whatsoever.

The PALMER TYRE
is the one
to ride in 1898.

THE "PALMER" is the
THE "PALMER" is the
THE "PALMER" is the

There is nothing to be compared with the "PALMER"
Ask your Agent what he thinks of it! Ask your
Ask the British Public! Their replies will
On a
THE PALMER TYRE (Jointless Rim)

**Root Out
the
Corners**

... this **Spring Cleaning!**
Dirt naturally gravitates towards the
corners in a house, lingering with a
dangerous persistence.

HUDSON'S SOAP
will not only dislodge it, but purify and
sweeten the house in every part. Try a
Quarter-pound packet.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.